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The Famous
HISTORY
OF
MONTELION,

Knight of the ORACLE,

Son to the True Mirrour of Prin-
ces, the most Renowned *Perficles*,
King of *Assyria*.

Shewing his strange Birth, unfortunate
Love, perillous Adventures, &c. A-
dorned with suitable Cuts, and inter-
posed with Variety of Pleasant and
Instructive Stories.

*See, lovely Fair, what may be done,
To gain a Heart that loves but one,
What Victims fall a Sacrifice,
To grace Love's Altar, with Love's Prize?
Montelion strives to gain the Bliss,
And make your Joys his Happiness:
So once Ulysses Ten Years strove,
To grasp the numerous Charms of Love.*

L O N D O N:

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

PRefaces being now as modish as the
Dresses of the fair Sex, we are
obliged to follow the Fashion, that we
may render the following Sheets more
agreeable. 'Tis therefore the Reader is
informed, That this little History of
Montelion, is of ancient standing, pub-
lished formerly in an old obsolete Stile,
spun out to a tedious Length, with Tau-
tologies and unaccountable Mixtures,
altogether foreign to Relations of this
Nature, in an Age grown more polite
and concise in Language. An Abridg-
ment being consequently necessary, the
Reader will find this answer the follow-
ing End.

The P R E F A C E.

1. That the Design of the History, will appear in its immediate Light, which though fabulous, contains proper and suitable Morals applicable enough to the various Passions of the Age.

2. That the Reader's Memory will not be clogg'd and jaded by a tedious Relation, before it comes to the Matters of Fact. And

3. That the Book will be neither burdensome for Carriage, extravagant in its Price; yet harmlessly diverting, pleasant, and instructive.

There needs no more to be said, than that the Reader is desired to apply to himself, what may render the moral Part of his Life, worthy the Character of being just, honourable and brave; which is the chiefest Design of making this Abridgement publick.

Farewel.



The Famous

HISTORY

OF

MONTELION, &c.

CHAP. I.

How Persicles became King of Assyria, and went to his Sister's Marriage in Persia, where he fell in Love with Constantia.

PIUS, King of *Assyria*, had reigned many Years in Peace and Tranquility, to the great Joy of his Subjects, who, by his just and clement Administration, were made a happy and flourishing People. He had Issue only one Son and a Daughter. Two of the most accomplish'd Children a King could be bless'd with. Finding the Reigns of Government too strong for his aged Years, he quitted the Cares of a Crown to spend the Remainder of his Days in preparing for a future State. He therefore called all his Nobles, with the chiefest of his Subjects about him, and made a Resignation of the Crown

to his Son *Perficles*, who was immediately proclaim'd King, to the great Satisfaction of the People. There remain'd now no more to close the Life of King *Pius*, but to make Provision for the Princess *Piera*, his Daughter, and to settle her Portion. Accordingly he pitch'd upon Prince *De-loratus*, the only Son of the Emperor of *Persia*, and who for some Time had resided at King *Pius*'s Court, being invited thither by the Fame of the beautiful Princess *Piera*.

A little Time being taken to send to the Emperor of *Persia* for his Consent, the Match was concluded, and the Solemnities of the Marriage agreed upon. *Perficles*, with the Consent of his Father, was to accompany his Sister *Piera*, attended by a great Retinue of Knights and Noblemen, who were to share in the great Rejoicings at the Wedding.

Within a few Days after their Departure, they arrived at the Emperor of *Persia*'s Court, which was fill'd with a vast Concourse of People of the best Rank, besides a certain Number of *Persian* Knights, who were summoned thither to entertain the Bridegroom. *Perficles* was not ignorant of the many Preparations that were making for Tilting and Justing against the Day of Marriage, and therefore was resolv'd to signalize himself, by shewing his Valour and Courage before the best of them all. And the happy Morning being come, the City was fill'd with an infinite Number of Spectators, who were entertained with such royal Diversions as were every way agreeable to their several Ranks.

The Marriage being celebrated, the lovely Bride and Bridegroom were regaled with the rich-

of MONTELION.

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est Wines and the most costly Banquets. Then the great Officers of the Court, with the Emperor, accompanied them to a magnificent Throne, where all the Stars were assembled; when Proclamation was made that the Tilting should begin. The first that entered the List was the gallant Duke *Ostmus*, attended by the rest of the Persian Knights, who were to give the Challenge to all Strangers. Then came those who had accepted of their Challenge, with Prince *Perficles* at their Head, who made such a kingly Appearance, as drew upon him the Admiration of all the Spectators. The first that engaged was Duke *Ostmus* and



Perficles, who engaged each other with great Courage and Valour; but *Ostmus* having clandestinely obtained Spears of hard Wood, in order to run away with all the Honour of the Day, at the

fourth Encounter he ran with such Fury at Prince *Pericles*, that he dismounted him, and threw his Horse to the Ground. The Emperor and his Court supposing him mortally wounded, ran to his Assistance, among the rest was the Empress, and her youngest Daughter *Constantia*. But *Pericles* not receiving much Hurt, soon open'd his Eyes, and fix'd them so strongly upon *Constantia*, that it threw into her Cheeks Blushes peculiar to the many Graces and Charms becoming her Sex. And as he found himself so shamefully disarm'd at first, he resum'd his Courage, and started up, begging them to repair to their Places again, declaring that as he found himself no ways incommoded by his Fall, he would make them Amends for the Disgrace, by entering their List again; at the same Time giving *Constantia* an invincible Look, he left her with a Sigh to go and put on fresh Armour. In the mean Time some *Persian* Knights had engag'd with some of his Retinue, and bore away the Prize from them; to revenge which he ran at a *Persian* Knight, who had won great Honour that Day, and overthrew him at the first Encounter, so that every one wonder'd who it should be. Then he attack'd another Knight, and having broken his Staves, he threw him and his Horse to the Ground; which Victory had compleated that Day's Triumph, had not *Osimus* begg'd to break a Staff with him: *Pericles* immediately accepted the Offer; and here such a Trial of Skill came on, which made the very Earth shake under them; till at last, notwithstanding the great strength of *Duke Osimus*, he was overthrown by *Pericles*, who had retriev'd his Honour manfully, for which the loud Acclamations of the People made the Palace

lace ring with the Sound. The Engagement being over, *Perficles* disarm'd himself, and made himself known to the Court, who welcom'd him with the greatest Marks of Esteem and Respect. And having saluted his Sister *Piera*, he no sooner look'd on her right Hand but he saw the lovely *Constantia*, and turning to her he address'd her in an amorous Manner, and begg'd that Happiness of her as to let him know whether he was not in a Dream, and beheld an Angel; or whether his Happiness was real, and that he beheld a Face he had once seen before, full of all the Graces and Charms Nature could bestow upon it. — To which *Constantia* reply'd: 'No, Sir, I am not immortal, nor am I worthy of those liberal Compliments you heap upon me: And that you may not remain ignorant of what I am, know, that I am the youngest Daughter of his present Imperial Majesty.' Forgive me, Madam, (cry'd *Perficles*) my Boldness; I am convinc'd you are not an Angel, but a real Person, superior in Beauty to any of that Order; Nature hath engag'd me to fall a Victim at your Feet, and inspir'd me with a Resolution to love you above all the World. 'Tis therefore, Madam, that I throw myself at your Feet, and beg that you would nourish in your Breast a Heart that is entirely at your Service, — Having said this, *Perficles*, with a profound Respect, waited upon her and the Court to a splendid Supper provided for them.

That Night, *Constantia* being in her Chamber alone, began to reflect upon the Words of Prince *Perficles*, which she represented to herself as so many secret Charms which had crept into her Soul, and inspir'd her with something she knew not what

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The famous History

in his Favour; so that with the Idea she had formed of his Person, she was so taken up that Night in Remembrance of him, that little of it was appropriated to Rest. Nor was Prince *Pericles* less thoughtful of his lovely *Constantia*, with whom he was so deeply in Love, that he was resolv'd to sacrifice all to her Beauty. He therefore, the next Morning, endeavour'd to pay her a Visit, but she was so taken up with some Affairs of the Empress her Mother, that he was disappointed. Much about this Time he received Dispatches with Advice of the Death of his Father, and that a neighbouring King had proclaim'd War against his Country, and destroy'd several of his Subjects, and that his Presence was immediately requir'd to put an End to such Commotions. This News you may imagine was no way agreeable to Prince *Pericles*, who labour'd under two indispensable Duties, the one, the Safety of his Country, the other, the gaining the Affections of *Constantia*, which he held more valuable to him than his Life. But weighing nicely his Affairs, he at last took the Resolution to revenge his Subjects Wrongs, by repairing immediately home. And therefore having notified to the Court the Reason of his Departure, he set out with all his Retinue, having first engag'd his Sister *Piera* to be his Confident in his Amour, and gave the lovely *Constantia* the following Letter.

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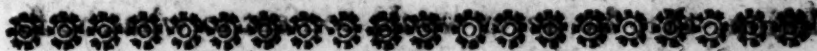
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Fair Constantia,

NOtwithstanding the Injuries my Subjects receive from a Blood-thirsty Prince, tares me from the Felicity of your Company, I cannot but notify to you, that you are always nearest my Heart; and that if I meet not your Affections upon my return, which shall be short, as my Revenge will permit, I shall account myself the most miserable of all Mankind.

Yours for ever,

PERSICLES.



CHAP. II.

The Obstruction Persicles met with in his Love for Constantia by Prince Helion. A Battle fought. He meets with Constantia, and makes himself known.

THE Departure of Persicles had put such a Damp to the Mirths and Jollity at Court, that most of the foreign Princes and Noblemen had left the same, and returned Home. Among those that staid behind, was Prince Helion, Son to the King of Armenia; who had been sent thither by his Father, to endeavour the obtaining the Princess Constantia in Marriage: And he had so far succeeded in this Design, that in regard to his illustrious Birth, the Emperor had before-hand given him his Consent, unknown to Constantia: He therefore

fore thought fit one Day to notify it to her; when, among other Things, he told her, that in confidence of her Affection, he had moved her Royal Father to consent to their Marriage; that he had obtain'd it; and implor'd that she would raise no Difficulties to obstruct an Affair, which he promised to himself would compleat both their Happiness.—To which *Constantia*, with Displeasure in her Looks, reproached him with Folly, for making such a Motion, without being first assured of her Esteem for him: Told him her Love was not to be limited at his Pleasure: That she never indulged such an Inclination for him, as to give into a Compliance to become his Spouse; and therefore desired that he would rest satisfied with this Resolution, that she never would consent to what he so earnestly flatter'd himself.

Prince *Helion* being thus repulsed of a sudden, would fain have excused himself for moving beforehand the Consent of her Father; and laying himself at her Feet, begg'd she would receive him into her Favour again. 'No, my Lord, (cry'd she) I can never indulge any Restraint upon my Affections, not but that I would pay a just difference to a Person of so much Merit, and one for whom, perhaps I might have entertained a greater Esteem, had not your forward transacting in this Affair, inclined me otherwise: Therefore, let me conjure you to give over any further Addresses, and never think on me more.'

'Twas at this Minute that her Sister *Piera*, came in, when *Helion* withdrew, with Disorder and Confusion in his Looks. Taking *Constantia* by the Hand, led her into the Garden, with a Design to have given her Brother's Letter; but being call'd away

away by the Emperor, she was disappointed for that Time; and left *Constantia* to herself. Finding herself alone, she retir'd to a Summer House, and there expostulated with herself thus; Unhappy *Constantia*, first to give *Helion* so much Encouragement as to use me so unkindly! What shall I do! My Father expects to be obeyed, or else forever I incur his Displeasure; so that I, a silly Maid, find myself involv'd in a thousand Difficulties, from which I know not how to extricate myself: Had not I seen *Pericles*, perhaps *Helion* might have had his Wishes; but since he fix'd his invincible Eyes on me, I have no Thought; no, not the least Inclination to hear the Name of *Helion*; but on the other Hand, rather to give myself up wholly to *Pericles*, whose very Name is dear and precious to me as my own Soul. By this Time *Piera* was come back from her Father, and finding her in a thoughtful Posture, she cry'd, why so thoughtful, Sister? I come to give you some welcome News; I have a Message to you, from one who esteems you beyond himself; I mean my Brother *Pericles*: Here, see whether this Letter will add to your Felicity or not.

Constantia receiv'd the Letter with abundance of Thanks, and read it with infinite Satisfaction; telling her Sister, at the same Time, that she thought herself happy in having so faithful a Confident, to whom she might safely open her Mind; that Prince *Helion* had made Interest with her Father, and gain'd his Consent to have her in Marriage; that she could not endure the Thoughts of it; having bestowed her Heart already upon the most illustrious Prince *Pericles*, and that therefore she implor'd her best Offices and Fidelity, in the Management of
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so nice an Affair, especially at a Time, when the Emperor her Father, was so absolute in his Commands, that he would hearken to no Remonstrances to the contrary.

Afflict not your self, dear Sister, said *Piera*, my Breast shall be your Cabinet, and I will do more for you in this Affair than you imagine. I will send immediate Dispatches to my Brother *Pericles*, requiring his Return forthwith; and in the mean Time, I will do all I can to break the Emperor off so rash a Resolution — And here being interrupted by the coming in of Persons of Quality, they were forced to break off their Discourse for that Time.

During these Transactions, *Helion* was not wanting to accomplish his Designs, who having at all times the Emperor's Ear, had so gained upon him, as to make him swear an Oath that *Constantia* should be married to him at a certain Time perfix'd: In order thereto, one Day he sent for her, and notify'd to her his Resolutions, commanding her on Pain of his highest Displeasure, to conform herself to his Royal Will, and make the necessary Dispositions accordingly.

In vain were all the Remonstrances which *Constantia* made to the contrary. The Emperor was deaf to her Intreaties, regardless of her Tears, and unconcerned at her Fate; notwithstanding all the Endeavours Prince *Deloratus* his own Son, us'd to the contrary. The Day of Marriage must be; and fix'd it was to a certain Day within two Months, to the unspeakable Grief of *Constantia*, who labour'd under Afflictions not known to any but Lovers, faithful as herself.

Nor was *Piera* her Sister untouch'd, at this sudden Disposition of her Father: To prevent which,
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He sent a trusty Servant Post to Prince *Pericles*, with every particular Circumstance that happen'd; and that *Constantia* was resolv'd to keep for him a Heart worthy his acceptance, if he would speedily return and make himself Master of it.

No sooner had *Pericles* receiv'd these Dispatches, in his Tent, but his Soul began to labour under some Difficulties: On one Hand, his Country's Welfare, strove hard to prevent his Journey; on the other, the loss of a most accomplish'd Princess, to whom he had sworn a constant and inviolable Affection; and who in return, was sacrificing for his sake, the paternal Affections of an Emperor, and all that was valuable to her in this World, was a Motive so perswasive, that he could not go from it: Therefore, without loss of Time, he notify'd to two of his most faithful Counsellors, his Resolution to leave the Army in disguise, giving the Command thereof to one of them, who resembled him so much, that the Soldiers could not distinguish him from their Prince.

But before he left the Camp, the two Armies were drawn so near together, that a Battle was every Hour expected, and accordingly so it fell out. The Fight was terrible, and precarious on both Sides for some Time, in which *Pericles* did Wonders, bearing down all before him, till he came to the King of *Armenia*, with whom he engaged with such magnanimity and presence of Mind, that he soon unhors'd him, giving him at the same time such a Thrust with his Launce, that the *Armenian* Generals concluded him kill'd on the Spot; which put such a Consternation in their whole Army, that they fled with the greatest precipitancy imaginable, leaving Prince *Pericles* Master of the Field.

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The Victory being compleat, with a great Slaughter of the *Armenians*, who had left behind them all their Riches in their Camp, *Perficles* was no ways apprehensive of their forming an Army against that Campaign; and therefore putting himself into a Palmer's Habit, he left the Army incognito, and travelled to the *Persian* Court, in quest of *Constantia*.

It was not many Days before he came to the Emperor's Palace; but being he was in such a disguis'd Habit, it was three Days before he could have an Opportunity of seeing *Constantia*, which happened thus:

The Emperor with all the Court, was to go a Hunting in the Park that Day; the Concourse of People on this Occasion was very great; among the rest, *Perficles* placed himself so conveniently at the Palace Gate, that whoever past by must in a manner touch him; and having written a Letter, notifying that the Person in a Palmer's Habit, was desirous to speak with *Constantia*, he subscrib'd it to *Constantia* or *Piera*, and so took his Post, waiting the success. It was not long before the Emperor and his Retinue appear'd, among which the chieftest were *Deloratus*, *Piera*, *Helion*, and *Constantia*; the latter with such a dejected Countenance, as bespoke her labouring under some Difficulties; and as she past by, her Glove happen'd to fall from her, which *Perficles* perceiving, caught it up immediately, and unobserved, put therein his Letter, which he deliver'd to the Princess, with the profoundest Respect.

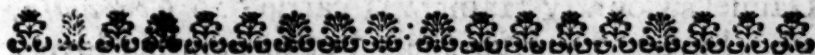
Constantia soon found what was in it; which that it might not be seen by *Helion*, she privately convey'd into her Bosom, till an Opportunity presented

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sented to read it. Nor was it long before she found the writer of it was the only Person she adored; when with inexpressible Joy, she read it to *Piera*, who was infinitely pleas'd at the News of his Arrival. After a little Conference about the manner how they should come to the Speech of him, *Piera* undertook it, and ordering one *Delia*, her Maid of Honour to ride back, and conduct the Palmer into her own Apartment, waiting her return, cautioning her, that if any enquired after him, to tell them that he was a Messenger from the *Affyrian* Court, with Dispatches from the King her Brother.

The trusty Confident did as she was order'd, so that when *Constantia* returned from Hunting with *Piera*, she was receiv'd by *Perficles*, with all the ravishing Endearments a Lover could bestow on his Mistress. And here it was that *Piera* was Witness to their exchanging one anothers Hearts, to be faithful and loyal to each other the remainder of their Lives, whatever Misfortunes they should meet with. And as the presence of *Constantia* was then necessary at the King's Table, her Sister put off any further Conference for that Time, accompanying her Brother *Perficles* to a private Apartment, where he might remain unknown to the Court.



CHAP. III.

Prince Perficles and Constantia leave the Court in Disguise. A pleasant Jest put upon Prince Helion.

THE Time prefix'd for *Constantia*'s Marriage with *Helion* drawing near, she repaired to
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Prince *Perficle's* Apartment, and there, with Tears in her Eyes, she urg'd him to find some proper Means to make their Escape, to which he readily consented, and went by her Direction to a certain Mistle-tree, some distance from the Court, where he sat down whilst Evening, waiting the coming of *Constantia*.

In the mean time *Constantia* and her Maid *Delia*, were plotting which way she should leave the Palace without any Suspicion ; and whilst they were thus musing, a Country Damsel came into her Chamber, with a rich Basket of Fruit for her, it being sent as a Present from a certain Nobleman : No sooner did *Delia* see her, but she took the Damsel aside, and told her, that it was the Princess's Pleasure she should not return Home again, but that she should serve her at Court, as one of her Maids of Honour ; Nor was this News unwelcome to the Maid, who gladly accepted of the offer. Then *Delia* taking the Basket of Fruit from her, carried it to *Constantia*, who sent her back to the Damsel, with a Suit of her own wearing Apparel, with which, and some other costly Ornaments, *Delia* dress'd her so richly, that she made as fine an Appearance as any Lady in the Court. This done, the Damsel's Country Habit was carried to *Constantia*, who having no Happiness but to gain her lovely *Perficles*, dress'd herself with them in the Country Habit, and taking the Basket of Fruit under her Arm, in which she had hid some valuable Jewels, she went out through the Porter's Lodge about Sun-set, who let her pass without any Distrust ; supposing her to be the same Person, that he had let in some time before.

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You may imagine it was not long before she had got to the place appointed; where the impatient *Pericles* stood waiting, thinking every Minute an Age, till she came. Nor did he at first know her in that country Dress, till she came and fell into his Arms, bidding him welcome to that happy Minute, which had given him an Opportunity to dispose of her as he thought fit: Prudence, you'll suppose, and their own Safety, oblig'd them not to tarry long in that place; they therefore, it being now Night, and the Moon being up, Arm in Arm took their Course directly into the open Country, with all the haste they could make; so that before the next Morning they had travelled more than 20 Miles, such Wings does Love add to the pace of those, whose Hearts and Affections are link'd sincerely together!

By this time, the Weather being warm, and *Constantia* extreemly tired, they came to a pleasant shady Grove, where prince *Pericles* made a Bed of *Jesamine* and *Roses*, for his Princess to lye on, who immediately fell asleep, whilst he sat watching her all the while; singing in a soft melodious Voice the following Song:

*I'll range around the shady Bowers,
And gather all the sweetest Flowers;
I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,
To make a Garland for my Love,
When in the sultry Heat of Day,
My thirsting Nymph doth panting lay,
I'll hasten to some River's brink,
And drain the Floods but she shall drink.
At Night to rest her weary Head,
I'll make my Love a grassy Bed;*

And

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*And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
That nothing may her Rest invade.*

*And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lyes,
Myself shall never close these Eyes;
But gazing still with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.*

*And then, as soon as cheerful Day
Divides the darksom Shades away;
Forth to the Forest I'll repair,
To seek Provision for my Fair.*

*Thus will I spend the Day, the Night,
Still mixing Labour with Delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Ease for her procure.*

*But if the Nymph whom I thus love,
Should ever false, or faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.*

He had no sooner sung the aforesaid Song, but the Sun arose, with all the charming Rays it could bestow upon the verdant Earth; when the fair *Constantia* awoke: And as she had been without any Sustenance all that time, *Persicles* was concerned, which way he should get something to refresh her; and rising up, he saw at some distance, a Shepherd's Cottage, to which he and *Constantia* repaired; and knocking at the Door, the kind Shepherdess came out, desiring to know what they wanted. To whom *Persicles* said, kind Shepherdess, my Wife and I travelling for *Affyria*, lost our way last Night, and have wandered hither, being in a manner quite spent with Travelling and Hunger. We want only a little Refreshment of you, and that we may rest ourselves awhile; for which we

will

will not only pay you, but return you our most hearty Thanks. The Shepherdes eyeing them earnestly, concluded they were of higher Rank than they appeared; and therefore said, they were welcome, desiring them to walk in and sit down. As



for Meat, she said, she had none at present in their Cottage, but that if he pleas'd she would go and buy them some, at a certain Village not far off; to which *Persicles* gladly consented, giving her Money to buy what she thought necessary, leaving *Constantia* and him by themselves. During the Shepherdesse's going to Market, let us return to the Court, and see how *Helion* went on, after *Constantia*'s Absence.

Delia having informed *Piera*, what she had done to the Damsel that had brought the Basket; a witty Conceit came into *Piera*'s Head, to deceive *Helion* that Night, and it was thus; she ordered *Delia* to let

let the Damsel lye in *Constantia's* Bed, who being daintily fed with Rarities, and not us'd to set up late, turning the Night into Day, as is now the practice of our Courtiers, was not long in Bed, but she fell fast asleep. *Helion* all the Evening was impatient to see *Constantia*, and accordingly went to *Piera's* Appartment, in hopes of finding her there, but being disappointed, he went directly to her Bedchamber, where finding the Key in the Door, and no Servant in sight, he went in softly, where by the Light of a Lamp, he saw *Constantia's* Cloaths lying on the Table, by the Bed-side; he no sooner drew the Curtain, but he concluded he saw her fast asleep; so that without any more to do, he gently took the Damsel by the Hand; and after a few Apologies for the Intrusion, he kissed her several times, and that with such Eagerness, the Maid awoke, and was very much surpriz'd to find a Person of Quality, at that time, making his Addresses to her; but remembering that she had heard her Father say, that in the Courts of Princes every one must have a Lover, was very well contented to have one too; so that she lay still, whilst he making use of her Silence, for Consent, put out the Lamp, and undressing himself, stole into Bed to her; and without any further Ceremony did as Love directed, till he had gain'd her Virginity, in the midst of a thousand indearing Embraces, verily believing he had lain with *Constantia* all the time.

The Revels of Love being broken off by the approaching Day, *Helion* took his Leave of the supposed *Constantia*, after having promised her Marriage, and a perpetual Affection for her: Nor had he quitted the Chamber long, before he took a gold Cup full of the richest Wine, with which he returned

turned, to make her a Present, and drink her Health. No sooner had he approached the Bed-side, but he found, to his great Surprise, the Maid in his Mistress's Room; at this he was in the utmost Confusion, as was also the Damsel, who blush'd exceedingly to see him; and at remembrance of what had pass'd. *Helion* mistrusting some Intrigue, ask'd her where *Constantia* was, and what Business she had in her Bed? To whom she innocently reply'd, she had not seen her since Yesterday, when she gave her Orders to lye in her Bed that Night.

Helion perceiving the Innocence of the Damsel, and the Artifice of *Constantia*, bid her be of good Heart, and keep the Secret from the Court, for that he would in due time make her Amends, by bestowing that Affection which he had design'd for *Constantia*; and make her, in a few Weeks, his Wife; drinking to her at the same time, as a Token of his Sincerity: *Helion* having left her, he sent back a trusty Servant to her, with a Purse of Gold, with Orders to wait upon her Home to her Parents, which was accordingly done.

No sooner was the Rumour spread of *Constantia*'s leaving the Court, but the Emperor, at Prince *Helion*'s Request, dispatch'd twenty of his most faithful Knights in quest of her, with Orders to take each a different Road, and lose no time, till they could hear of her dead or alive: And this the Emperor did the more readily, as believing Prince *Helion* would sit more easily under the loss of a Mistress, who in a few Days, was to have been his Bride.

But 'tis Time we should return to the Shepherd's Cottage, and see how Matters were transacted there.

The Shepherdess being return'd with Provision, for *Perficles* and *Constantia*, they fed very heartily, and made themselves merry with the innocent Discourse of the Shepherdess; till the Shepherd came home from feeding his Flocks; who being told by his Wife what Guests she had entertain'd, was extremely satisfied at her Conduct, and bid them heartily welcome to what his homely Cottage afforded. Night coming on, Prince *Perficles* persuaded the lovely *Piera* to lye with him as his lawful Wife, not standing for those Ceremonies the formal Rites of Marriage requires now a Days: Nor was there much need of them; for both their Hearts were sincerely devoted to each other, and they were in the Sight of Heaven, as much Married, as if the Priest had perform'd the Ceremony.

And thus they spent their time in mutual Enjoyment; their Love being without Lust, and their Pleasure without Pride; till one of the Knights, whom the King of *Persia* had sent in search of them, came to the Cottage where they were; who no sooner saw *Constantia*, but he told her his Message, and that he was come to carry her Home to her Father, who made great Lamentations for her Absence. He had no sooner said this, but *Constantia* swooned away in the Arms of Prince *Perficles*, and remained Speechless, till by the Kind Assistance of the Shepherdess, she came to herself. As soon as she was recover'd, Prince *Perficles* discover'd himself to the Messenger, who knowing him to be the King of *Assyria*, fell down upon his Knees, and did Homage to him: Assuring him, that instead of going back with *Constantia*, he would remain with him as his faithful Servant, as long as he thought fit: Assuring *Perficles*, that he would hazard his
Life

Life and Fortune, rather than obstruct the Happiness he enjoy'd in the Embraces of *Constantia* his Mistress.

Pericles being thus satisfy'd in his Fidelity, return'd him hearty Thanks, and that he might shew him an Instance of his Friendship, dispatch'd him into *Assyria*, to inform the Regency where he was, with Orders to send forthwith a strong Squadron of Horse to fetch him and *Constantia* home. The faithful Knight readily accepted of the Message, and took Post accordingly; but was no sooner arrived there, but was dispatch'd back to *Pericles*, with the melancholy News of a Rebellion in *Assyria*, occasion'd by the Treachery of Duke *Oretus*; and how that the King of *Armenia*, taking Advantage thereof, had ravag'd all the Country, and proclaim'd his Son *Potion* King of the same.

Pericles was overcome with such Sorrow to hear this heavy News, that he had much a-do to contain himself from extream Madness, that he minded a-while to withdraw himself to utter his Complaints in some solitary Walk; but seeing the Messenger follow him, desired him to return to the Shepherd's House, and in no case to acquaint *Constantia* with the Misfortune; but if she ask'd for him, he should tell her he would come presently; and then sought for the most unfrequented place in the Wood, wandering long in that Discontent, but could find none agreeable to his Mind, not knowing where he went, or where he intended, his Senses being stupify'd with Vexation, continuing so long therein, that he spent more Time in seeking out a Place of Rest than he was aware of, which turn'd to his greatest Unrest, as it afterwards fell out;

for *Constantia* wondring he stay'd so long, and suppos'd some ill News to be the Cause, and finding Occasion fit, thought to find her Love in the midst of his Grief, and with her amiable Presence to comfort him; so stealing from the Cottage into the Wood, where the Messenger told her he had left *Pericles*, she wandred up and down a great while, not finding him, which made her wonder, sometimes calling him, but not by his own Name, lest any should hear her; and finding that Means to prevail nothing, she began to enter into many doubtful Thoughts, sometimes calling his Loyalty in Question, then again reproving her Fancy for entering into Suspicion of him; then thinking some ill News had happened in *Affyria*, which might drive him into a careless Desperation, fearing that some of the *Persian* Knights had met him, and finding some Likelihood of Suspicion in him, had carried him to the King her Father. These Meditations possess'd her Mind so long, and wrought such Terror in her Fancies, that she feared like one that had been possess'd with the Truth that it was so.

Thus did they both continue the most Part of the Day, she seeking him, and he oppress'd with Care, not remembering that it was Time to return home, yet both of them directing their Steps a contrary Way, that they met not, but wandred one from the other; at last he remembered where he was, how long he had been absent, and what Care she would take for his Absence, which caused him with as much Speed to haste back, as with Earnestness he had wandered up and down; which before he could attain it grew towards Night.

The

The Knight likewise marveling at his long Stay, and her sudden Departure, fearing some Ill might betide him, and some extraordinary Care oppress her, left the Cottage to find him; and if he could meet her, to direct her to the Place where he left him.

When *Pericles* found them both absent, he marvelled thereat, enquiring of the old Woman when they departed, who told him *Constantia* went out first, and he after her, which made him think, that she missing him so long, might go to seek him, and *Pisor* followed her, thinking to direct her, lest she should wander astray (as she might well do) in those unfrequented Places. But when he had a long Time continued melancholy, and saw neither of them return'd, he begun to be uneasy, being fearful to depart from thence again, lest he might so miss them.

The Knight having entered the Wood, came to the Place where he had left *Pericles*, but could neither find him there, nor *Constantia*, which made him wander up and down so long, that he was weary. At last he came to a shady Place, and laying himself down to rest, he cast up his Eyes, and espied most beautiful Fruit upon a Tree hanging right over his Head; the Sight thereof pleased him so well, that plucking of the same he found the Taste pleasant, which caused him to eat many of them, which made him presently fall into a deadly Sleep. The Nature whereof is, to procure those that take it, first to sleep for the Space of twenty four Hours, and after to become mad for the Space of three Months, which hindered *Pisor* the Knight from returning.

When *Pericles* had staid so long, expecting their coming, until it began to be dark, he again went out, telling the Shepherd, that he was going to seek him. Cruel Fortune directing his Steps unto the Place where the Knight lay sleeping, whom when he beheld, but neither by calling, nor any other Means could awaken him; a deadly Fear possess'd his Fancy, that some furious Beast had slain him, and either devoured *Constantia*, or pursued her flying from him, which caused him, like a mad Man, to draw forth *Pisus's* Sword, running up and down to seek that which was not there to be found.

Constantia by this Time was wandered so far in Search for *Pericles*, that she could not by no means tell which way to go back again, but was constrained all that Night to wander up and down, till tired with Sorrow she fell fast asleep.

Now it fell out, that *Helion*, the Day before, had taken his Leave of the Emperor of *Persia*, to travel into *Arabia*, and that Night lay at *Selia's* Father's, causing her to be attired in rich Ornaments, that Morning carried her into *Arabia*, intending there to make her his Bride, and by Misfortune passed by the Place where *Constantia* lay fast asleep. Some of his Followers soon espied her, and shewed her to *Helion*; *Selia* likewise seeing her, presently told *Helion*, that her Apparel was either the same which *Constantia's* Gentlewoman took from her in the *Persian* Court, or so like it, she could not tell one from the other. *Helion* rode to her and awaked her; by her former Disposition and her Countenance, which was still in his Remembrance, he perfectly knew her, and she at the first Sight knew him, which amazed her Senses

Senses with deadly Fear. To whom he said, my dear *Constantia*, what hath caused you thus discourteously to reject my Love, and leave the *Persian* Court, to endure this hard Fortune, so much disagreeing to your Estate? Yet at length, I beseech you to accept of my Love, and go with me into *Arabia*.

Leave off your diffembling Speeches (quoth *Constantia*), and let me alone, for I had rather all my Life lay on this cold Earth than live at Ease with you. With that she would have left him, but he commanded his Servants by Force to take her into the Coach, and carry her along with him into *Arabia*, not letting any know what she was, but *Selia*.

When *Constantia* saw that of Force she must needs go, she utter'd such Complaints, and made such sorrowful Exclamations, that those that guarded her thought she would have fallen mad; though they neither knew her, nor her Cause of Sorrow; yet, in their Hearts they pitied her.

In the mean Time, *Pericles* was return'd to the Cottage, supposing some wild Beast had devour'd her: When the Shepherd said, my Lord I can assure you there doth no wild Beast haunt this Wood, for then could not my Flocks feed in quiet, of which I have not lost one Lamb by any Casualty; but rather I think my Lady missing you all the Day, is gone so far into the Wood, that she cannot return, nor you find her, whom I do not doubt but to find in the Morning; neither is she dead, but I believe hath tasted some of our unlucky Fruit called *Pyliss*, that hath cast him into a dead Sleep, and after that he will be frantick for a Space

Pericles was much comforted with the Shepherd's Speeches, yet notwithstanding left him, and all that Night wandered up and down the Wood to find her, but he spent his Labour in vain, neither that Night nor the next Day finding her, which drove him so far beyond the Compass of natural Patience, that if he had remained long in that Perplexity it would have cut off his Life. When he saw himself void of all Hopes, without means how to find her, and Assurance that she was not within the Wood, he sat himself down upon the Earth, condoling his miserable Condition. And thus he lived in those Woods many Days and Years, making every Tree a Monument of *Constantia's* unfortunate Loss, though he was often persuaded by *Pisor*, who afterwards travelled most Part of the Countries in Search of her, but could never hear of her.



C H A P. IV.

How Selia was married to Helion; and of the Miseries Constantia endured by her Jealousy: How Constantia was delivered of a fine Boy, whose Life was preserved by the policy of Palia, and how Selia vexed thereat.

LET us now return to *Helion*, who was no sooner come to *Arabia*, but he was informed of his Father's Death, which for a Time he lamented of common Use, not of Pity or Affection, in

in the mean Time causing *Constantia* to be kept in an old Monastery, under the Government of an ancient Lady, who lived not only by the Gifts that the King bestowed upon her for many bad Actions, but also of many Gentlemen that haunted the Company of the King's Concubines by Stealth. In this very Place did he leave *Constantia*, neither her Keeper, nor any other knowing what she was, who by this Time was resolved to endure all Adversities; many Days giving herself to Quiet: *Helion* by reason of his dissembling Mourning came not at her.

But the Time being come that he was crowned King, he married *Selia*, causing *Constantia*, as one of her Handmaids to attend her, which he did out of a malicious Intent only to vex her; but she was well content to do any thing to be rid of his hateful Love, whom she abhorred to the depth of her Soul. But when he saw she endured the same with such Patience, he again caused her to be kept close in the Monastery, giving Order that none but *Palia* should come at her.

Thus did she continue untill she began to feel herself with Child by *Persicles*, which drove her to the utmost Exigent of Care, how to preserve the Infant's Life; sometimes thinking to make her Estate known to *Palia*, but having sufficient Trial of her wicked Disposition, durst not trust her, lest she should reveal the same to the King. *Selia* also at that Time was great with Child by *Helion*, both conceiving at one Instant, one in the Persian Court the other in the Shepherd's Cottage. *Selia* made *Helion* acquainted therewith, desiring that she might be delivered in some private Place, that the Ladies

of the Court might not know thereof, for it would be to her a great Scandal.

Helion well knowing the Nature of the People, and in what detestable Sort they held Adultery in their Queen, thought no Place so fit as the Monastery wherein *Constantia* was, whither she was soon conveyed; Report being given out by the King's Command, that she was, for the Preservation of her Health, departed into the Country, The Queen being come into the Monastery asked for *Constantia*, who was presently brought before her, whom *Selia* now begun to hate mortally, being jealous of her, supposing that her Husband still loved her, whom she used so disdainfully, upbraiding her, with many undecent Speeches, which she took most patiently, with brinish Tears, lamenting her Misfortunes, and so furly did she behave herself to all that attended on her, that they began to mislike her.

Palia seeing the Pride of the Queen, and in what dismal Sort she used her, accusing her to be privy to the King's secret Love to *Constantia*, and using her so basely, and with such evil Terms, began to hate her; which *Constantia* perceived by some doubtful Words she gave out against her; whereupon finding a fit Opportunity, when she was vexed with her Unkindness, she came to *Palia*, and said, I perceive the Queen useth you unkindly, regarding to use none well, though they give no Cause at all; she likewise misuseth me, that never in my Life offended her, but have been the greatest Cause of her Good; I would gladly intreat your Aid, and withal, reveal many Things unto you, that you know not, if I were assured of your Secrecy, which I am the more fearful to reveal,
because

because they are matters of great Importance; but notwithstanding, if you will vouchsafe your Assistance to pity my most miserable Estate, you would do a Deed of everlasting Merit.

Palia, hearing the Speeches, said, If I may likewise without Fear, make my Mind known unto you, be you assured that I do so mortally hate her, that rewards my good Service with such Disdain, that I will not leave any Thing unattempted to vex and torment her: Therefore if any Oath may assure you of my Secrecy, having no other Means at this Instant, to give you Proof thereof; I vow by all the Gods, that I never intend to reveal what you disclose to me, but will most faithfully endeavour to pleasure you to my utmost Power.

Then know, (quoth *Constantia*) that I am Daughter to the Emperor of *Persia*, sometimes brought up in this Court; and your Queen, but the Daughter of a Country Swain in *Persia*, that being exalted to Dignity, though basely born, hehaveth herself thus proudly. I fearing my Father would have married me to *Helion*, against my Will, having betrothed myself to the King of *Assyria*, with whom I stole from the Court, in this Apparel of *Selia's*, that is now your Queen; much Enquiry was made for me, but they could never find me; for I lived with my Lord in this Disguise, in a Shepherd's House, until one Day I missing him, strayed so far from the House, that I could not return; so by Misfortune was found by *Helion*; and thus I am you see brought into this Country, either to my Death, or a worser End: I am also big with Child, and with short Space lookj to be delivered; my earnest Desire is, that you would
use

use some Means to preserve my Babe from Death, which no doubt it is like to endure by her Malice, and his Cruelty.

Palia hearing this, did comfort her with many chearful Words, thereby to work some Revenge against the Queen, pitying the Distress of *Constantia*, of whose Virtue she had before some Knowledge: With this Promise did *Constantia* somewhat comfort herself, hoping, that in the End, she should escape from that Bondage, being daily cherished by old *Palia*, who behaved herself towards *Selia*, with such Duty and Obedience, that notwithstanding her often Upbraidings, she still kept herself in most Place of Credit about her.

Now the Time was come that the Queen was delivered of a fine Boy, and *Constantia* the next Night of another, none being privy thereto but *Palia*, who handling the Matter with such Cunning, that she conveyed *Constantia*'s Child to *Selia*, and hers to *Constantia*, making her acquainted with her Intent therein: And the next Day told *Helion*, the Damsel in her Custody was delivered of a Boy. *Helion* hearing that, willed her to keep the same Secret, upon Pain of Death, and not to reveal it to the Queen; vowing e're many Days to destroy it; giving Order to have his own Son named *Petrus*; and coming to his Queen, told her, It were best to be nursed in the Country; who was contented to be ruled by him. Then calling *Palia* to him, he told her, That she must provide a Nurse for his Son; who having plotted what she intended, said, She knew a Kinswoman of hers, that was lately brought to bed some twenty Miles off, to whom she would convey the Infant.

Helion

Helion was glad of her Promise, appointing her all Things necessary for her Departure the next Morning. Late in the Night, when *Palia* was sure none could see her, she went to *Constantia* and told her what she intended, withal, asking her Counsel, what she should do ?

Ah me, said she, I know not in this Extremity what to resolve upon, fearing never to see my Son again ; and if thou goest, I lose my greatest Comfort. Then taking the Child in her Arms, and bestowing many dear Kisses thereon, she said *Palia*, I pray thee let me know what thou intendest to do with it. Lady (quoth she) after I am departed this Court, I will not cease travelling till I arrive in *Affyria*, where I do not doubt but to find *Per-*



sicles, unto whom I will declare your Misfortunes. But if I find him not there, I will travel into *Per-*
sa, to the Place where you lost him, where I shall
assuredly

assuredly find him ; so that he knowing your Estate, may seek to release you. And wilt thou do this for me, said *Constantia*, that am never like to make thee Amends ? I will, (quoth *Palia*) and with such Faithfulness execute my Charge, as shall procure your Comfort. Many Speeches past between them, before they parted, but yet in the End, she was constrained to leave her almost dead with Grief, but afterwards somewhat comforted with the good Hopes she had of her faithful Dealing ; of two Evils, thinking it best to commit the Babe to her Courtesy ; who by all Likelihood intended well thereto. Early the next Morning she departed, having no Body in her Company, with all the Haste she could, travelling towards *Affyria*.

Helion now began to meditate on *Constantia's* Misfortune, and who should be the Father of the Child ; and whereas before he determined to shut her up in a Cloyster, until she would yield to his Desire, he now resolved to revenge the Disdain she had shewed him for refusing his Love : And finding Occasion when none could interrupt his Speeches, being alone with her, he upbraided her with all the Reproaches, the Bitterness of his Heart could invent.

Constantia with Patience heard out his Speeches ; and then made this Answer : *Helion*, I can well bear your opprobrious Words, neither do I care how scandalous they are ; for the Father of my Infant is as good as thyself, and one that I love far more than thyself, who censureth me according to the Quality of thy own Disposition. The Reason why I left my Father's Court, was to avoid your importunate Suit, which was very displeasing to me, in Respect of the honourable Love I embraced :

braced : Therefore beware that you abuse not me ; for though the Emperor, my Father, will not revenge my Wrongs, yet there is a King as mighty as he, claimeth my Possession, and will not suffer me to be wronged.

What, is a King the Father of that Bastard ? said he ; no, thou shalt never persuade me to that, for it looketh more like a Fool than a King.

Yes, said she, and yet a King as wise as thyself, and that e're long thou shalt know ; for the Father thereof knows all thy Actions, altho' thou thinkest me safely kept, and if thou dost murder it, I care not, for thyself will be the first that will repent the Deed. As for me, use me well, for the Father of this Infant loves thee well, and yet thou wilt be thy own Destruction in seeking his Death.

Helion was much vexed to see how lightly she esteemed him, and was ready to tear his Hair, he went raging and swearing from her, meditating which Way how to work his Revenge. *Selia* noting his Distemper by his pale Countenance, asked him, what had disquieted him ? To whom he gave no Answer at all, casting a scornful Look toward her, which she took in such suspicious Sort, that she presently supposed he did it in Scorn of her, and being puffed up with Jealousy, could not refrain from Tears, and at last she utter'd these Speeches.

My Lord, I now perceive the Love you protested to bear me, is altered ; and I, like a poor Cast-away, am like to live in Misery : O that I had lived still in my contented Estate, then should I not have not been subject to these Misfortunes : *Constantia*, whom you told me you loved not, it is she hath stolen away your Affections, and on her
you

you dote, despising me, wherein you shew the Unconstancy of your Disposition; besides, she hath made known what I was, which makes me scorned by the Ladies in the Court, so that the Misery I am likely to endure is intolerable.

Do not, said he, disquiet yourself with the least Suspicion of any such Alteration in me, for I vow to love none but yourself: The Cause of my Vexation is, how to revenge myself on her, that even now hath abused me with opprobrious Terms; she is brought to bed of a Bastard, begotten of a base-born Peasant, which shall not live long to vex me; I wish I had left her in *Persia*, to have been devoured by wild Beasts, rather than by pitying her, to work myself this Disquiet. Should I send Word to her Father, the Emperor, he would compel me to marry her, or else he would make War against me. Or if I should seek her Death, it would by some means or other come to his Ear, and then he would seek Revenge against me, so that I know not what Way to be rid of her.

The Queen hearing him say, she had a Bastard, presently began to suspect it to be his, and would then have utter'd it, but Fear, and premeditated Hope of Revenge against *Constantia* stopped her, thinking first to learn the Truth, before she would offend him; perceiving his unconstant Disposition to be such, that the least Thing altered his Love, deferring herself till her Month was ended, by which means *Constantia* rested void of Disturbance. The Flame of Jealousy burned so in *Selia's* Breast, that as soon as she had forsaken the Monastery, and had a-while with great Kindness behaved herself to all the Lords and Ladies in the most Estimation, thereby to insinuate into their good Opinion,

on, she came to *Constantia*, fawning upon her with an affable Countenance, using many courteous Speeches towards her, with intent to sift out the Truth of her Suspicion.

¶ *Helion* hearing that she was in the Monastery, fearing that she would have done some Violence to *Constantia*, followed her. *Selia* seeing him there, was half astonished, thinking that he had not known thereof, and now suspected of a Truth that he came to visit *Constantia* out of Love, and not to seek her, again burst out into Tears: Whereupon he took Occasion to say thus: *Selia*, I perceive Suspicion is the Cause of your Disquiet, therefore to shew what little Cause you have to use me so, do but say what I shall do to this dishonourable Lady, and it shall be performed.

Constantia then began to fear some Mischief was near her, which might easily have been seen by the changing of her Countenance: Whereupon she made this Reply: *Helion*, if thy Queen know how much I disdain thee, such Motions of Disquiet would not trouble her, for I contemn thy Dispositions, which are ready to alter with every Blast of Wind. Or, *Selia*, dost thou think my Heart will stoop to his base Lust, or become Concubine to so degenerate a Wretch as thy Husband is? No, I will rather see my Body torn in Pieces, and suffer the cruellest Misery in the World: He threateneth me with terrible Speeches, but his coward's Heart is not of Courage to execute his detested Will. Therefore thou art of a heavy Disposition, and comest to encourage him to do Mischief; do the worst you can both, for I fear you not, but would gladly be rid of this miserable Life.

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And rid thou shalt soon be, (said *Selia*,) notwithstanding thy Dissimulation, thinking with disdainful Speeches to colour thy Wickedness. I am indeed come to be revenged on thee, that crosseth my Intent, and first shall that Bastard feel the smart of my Wrath. Then snatching the Child out of the Cradle, where it lay, she held it by the Heels ready to deprive it of Life, till *Helion* withheld her.

Then *Constantia* said, nay, let her murder it, and she will be the first that will repent it; but first view it well, and see if it resembles not the Father that standeth by; I assure thee it is his, and that thou shalt soon know.

Out upon thee (said he) I defy thee; with that she viewed it well, and perceived that it resembled him perfectly; whereupon she cast the Child upon the Floor, saying, did you bring me hither to do this intolerable Wrong? Shall I suffer myself to be thus used, and live to endure perpetual Discontent? The Peers of this Land shall understand the Wrong I sustain, and none else; my own Hands shall work Revenge.

Constantia then said, *Selia*, take up thy Infant, and cherish it, for it is thy own; my Child, by this Time is conveyed far enough from thy Power by *Palia*, who pitying my Distress, and scorning to be subject to thy base Pride, hath changed the one for the other, leaving yours with me, and carrying mine to the King of *Affyria*, who is the Father thereof; who I doubt not will soon revenge the Wrong that is done to me: Neither do thou jealously suspect me for that degenerate King, thy Husband; for she that is Daughter to the Emperor of *Persia*, scorneth to be thy Corrivall: If I had

deal

dealt unfaithfully with him, then he might worthily have inflicted this Punishment upon me: But his own Conscience knows, I always refused to love him, my Love being before vowed to the King of *Affyria*.

Both of them were amazed at her Speeches; the Queen in all Haste taking up her Son that lay sprawling at her Feet almost dead: And *Helion*, after a long Study, said, *Constantia*, I perceive thou knowest not how unable the King of *Affyria* is to redeem thee from hence; being lately dispossessed of his Crown by the King of *Armenia*, and by the Treason of his own Subjects, being himself driven to live in Obscurity: Therefore this will I do in Satisfaction of my Mind against thee; thou shalt never depart from hence, but in this Cloyster end thy Life, unless the valientest Knight in the World redeem thee; for such a Guard will I set over thee as shall be overcome by none.

Constantia was no ways disturbed to hear the Doom of her Imprisonment, but only the Suspicion she had of his Words of *Pericles* overcame her Heart with such Fear, that she fell down in a Trance; those that were about her having much ado to recover her; whereupon they left her, *Helion* giving Command, that most diligent Search should be made for *Palia* through the whole Country of *Arabia*.

How Helion built an enchanted Tower to keep Constantia in; and how he was imprisoned therein himself in great Misery by the Enchantress Ila.

IN few Days after *Helion* purposing to effect that which he vow'd (being resolved to work the most cruel Revenge that might be on the Lady *Constantia*) called all the cunningest Workmen of his Land before him, asking their Advice about building of a Castle of invincible Strength, which which they promised to perform; and thus they began to work: First, situating the same upon a rocky Hill of great Largeness, that was encompassed with a deep Lake, and encompassing the Circuit of the Ground with a Wall framed of the hardest Marble, of such Smoothness and Height, that it was not to be ascended. Over the Lake was fram'd a Bridge of exceeding Beauty, placing at the Entrance two Fortifications, between them setting a Gate of Brass, curiously wrought with carved Images of Lions, being the Arms of *Arabia*. On the midst they placed a Draw-bridge, drawn upon such Devises, that one Man was able to draw up the same with Speed. At the Foot of the Bridge was placed two Lions to guard the same.

Helion having finish'd this Work, call'd unto him one *Penthrasus*, an ancient Professor of Necromancy, and with him alone went into the Palace, shewing him the same, and why he had built it: desiring his Counsel and Aid to the Performance of his Will. *Penthrasus* being desirous to practice his Art, which before he durst not do, (for by the Laws of the Land the same was punished with Death) promised by his Art to make the same invincible

vincible, that it should never be overcome by Strength or Policy; advising the King to bring *Constantia* thither, and two Damsels to attend her, and attire her in rich Ornaments. When the King had perform'd this, and delivered her to *Penthrasus*, making a Condition with him, that none but himself should be suffered to have Entrance, he departed; leaving *Constantia* to be entertained by *Penthrasus*, who led her into the Castle, appointing her Damsels where they should have all Things necessary; telling her it would be many Years before she could be released. After he had placed her there, he began to cast about how to fortify the same, and by his Art he found that there lived in the Desart of *Arabia*, two mighty Giants of huge Proportion, and of great Strength, whom he found out, casting such bewitching Charms upon them that they presently followed him to the Castle, which he afterwards named *Penthrasus's* Palace, he by his Charms and Spells bidding them to keep the first Entrance of the Bridge, and by his Sorceries guarding every Entrance in such a Sort as it was impossible to be overcome. Having perform'd every thing according to his Mind, he brought thither his Wife, named *Ila*, determining to spend the rest of his Life to be near: Whereupon he went to the Oracle of the *Hesperian* Nymphs in the Desart, which he was enjoin'd unto by a Vision he saw in his Sleep, to know what he should do concerning those Charms which he had set upon the Castle, whose Answer was this:

Penthrasus, because by thy Art thou hast not attempted any wicked Action, and to disclose the Destinies, many a Knight of sundry strange Countries shall hear of the Beauty of *Constantia*, and shall come

come to try their Adventures to set her at Liberty, but none shall perform it; neither will it be revealed that she is the Daughter of the Emperor of Persia, until she be released by the Valour of her own Son; and the Manner and Means how is as yet hidden and unrevealed; until such Time *Ilia* will live, and by our Directions govern the Castle until the Enchantments be ended. He receiving this Answer, returned Home, and within few Days died.

Thus was *Constantia* enclosed, enjoying all the Delights her Heart could desire: But nothing could comfort her, but the Remembrance of her Lord *Persicles*, for whose Absence she lived in continual Grief.

Helion kept that which he had done concerning *Constantia* from the Knowledge of *Selia*, determining never to see her again; within a short Time after, such a Discord began between he and she, that the whole Court was in an Uproar, and he found such Disquiet with her, that then he began to hate her, abandon her Company, and to dote on the Remembrance of *Constantia*; repenting him of the Exile he had done her, and resolved again to set her at Liberty, or else to obtain of *Penthrasus*, to live for ever in the Castle, and by extraordinary Means to obtain her Love: And upon a Time he rode thither, determining to see her; where when he came, he found the Gate at the Entrance of the Bridge fast shut, and nothing but a Horn hanging thereat, fasten'd to a Chain, which he winded, and presently one of the Giants came to the Door, with whose Sight he stood affrighted, till he asked what he would have? I would, said he, speak with *Penthrasus*; the Giant bid him come in, and shutting

shutting fast the Entrance brought him before *Ila*, who presently knowing him, said, I understand the Cause of your coming, which thou shalt never obtain; for which disloyal Thought, and other ignoble Deeds, thou shalt never depart from hence, until the Lady, which thou hast caused to be enclosed here, be set at Liberty: With that, not suffering him to answer, she caused him to be bound, and carried into a dark Dungeon, where he was hardly dieted, and worse threatned,

Ila having him in her Custody, knew that none else was privy to *Constantia's* being there, caused Verses to be written in Letters of Gold, and did hang them over the outermost Gate, and by the same *Constantia's* Picture, whereon she cast such a Spell, that all that beheld it were in Love with her. The Verses were these:

*Within this Castle is enclos'd
The Daughter of a King,
Whose Beauty caus'd a Traytor's Fall,
That did her from her Country bring.
Here must she bide until a Knight
By Force doth set her free,
And by his Valour end the Date
Of crooked Destiny.
The World shall fame him for that Deed,
And great shall be his Name,
Her lasting Love he shall enjoy
That rids her out of Pain.*

*How Palia, seeking for Food, was devoured by a Lion:
And how the Infant was found by a Lady, who pre-
serv'd him, and afterwards named him Montelion.*



LET us now return to speak of *Palia*, and what happen'd to the Infant: After she had travelled out of *Arabia*, resolving faithfully to do what she had undertaken, and had attained to *Affryia*, she soon understood the News of the *Armenians* Victory, whereby she was assured it would be in vain to seek *Persicles* there; therefore she turned towards *Persia*, intending to follow *Constantia's* Directions to find him; but being wearied with long travelling, she sat herself down upon a Mountain, standing in a vast desolate Place, on the Top whereof grew a Tuft of Trees that shadowed her from the Heat of the Sun, where she had not long rested

rested but the Boy fell asleep, and she being very hungry, began to seek for Fruit, (being no other Food there to be had) leaving him upon the Mountain; but wandring into a Thicket, was by Misfortune devoured by a Lion, and the poor Infant left ready to be destroyed; but the Destinies that had allotted him to better Fortune, preserv'd him.

Not far off there dwelt an ancient Knight, named *Cothane*, who with his Lady the same Day had been a Hunting, and now she being weary of the Sport, with two Servants in her Company, happened to alight at the very Place where the Babe lay, who by that Time was awaked, and missing his Nurse, began to cry. The Lady hearing the Noise, searching among the Trees, presently found the Child, which she took in her Arms, commanding one of her Servants to take up a Bundle of Cloaths that lay by the same, and to wind his Horn, that *Cothanes* hearing it might come unto them, who according unto her Desire came, asking her what was the Matter: You have, said she, all this Day hunted after wild Beasts, and lost your Labour, but I have found a rich Prize, yet by what Misfortune left in this Place I know not: With that they both viewed the Child, well noting his exceeding Beauty and sweet Countenance, with great Joy carrying it Home, naming it *Montelion*. Finding in the Bundle many rich Jewels, and a fair embroider'd Mantle, whereby they knew him to be of no mean Birth, educating him chearfully; and after he was come to Knowledge teaching him many commendable and virtuous Qualities. When he came to fourteen Years of Age, *Cothanes* taught him how to ride and manage a Horse, often taking him forth a Hunting with him, delighting

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much in his Forwardness, wherein he was so apt, that he could not offer to teach him any Thing, but he soon grew to be as perfect as himself. Whom we will leave to be educated by *Cothanes*, and return to speak of *Perficles*, and what befel to him after the Loss of *Constantia*.



C H A P. VII.

Pisfor the Knight recovers his Senses, is met by Perficles. He condoles the Prince's Loss of Constantia, and advises him to return to Persia, and raise an Army to endeavour the Recovery of his Country.

PRINCE *Perficles*, having with the utmost Grief made a tedious Search for his lovely *Constantia*, came at last to the Tree where *Pisfor* had lain distracted for the three Months; but being now recovered of his Senses, he embraced his Master *Perficles* with the utmost Affection, and like a true and faithful Counsellor exhorted him to throw aside his Grief for the Loss of *Constantia*, assuring him, that the Day would come when he should meet with her again, and be for ever happy in her Embraces; but most of all strenuously press'd him in the mean time, to have at Heart the Recovery of his Country, which had been lately ravaged, and made a Prey to a foreign Prince; and that the only Expedient left to effect this, was to repair to the Persian Court, and fling himself at the Foot of *Constantia's* Father, who no doubt upon hearing
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the Truth of his Misfortunes, would give him all the Assistance he required.

Pericles heard him with Attention, and though unwilling to give over any farther Search after *Constantia*, yet he approv'd of all he had said; and after a little Consideration, agreed to follow his Advice, and to leave the Issue to Time and Fortune.

'Twas not long, you may imagine, before they reach'd the *Persian* Court; and being in Disguise, they so appear'd before the Princess *Piera* in her private Apartments; where in the midst of inexpressible Transports of Joy, between *Deloratus*, the Princess, and himself, he was perswaded to go with him to the Emperor, and implore his Aid. Nor was his Imperial Majesty backward to do him all the good Offices of Friendship when he came before him; and was told what Desolation an intestine War had wrought in his Dominions: For first, he took *Pericles* into his Arms, and embracing him, assur'd him of his perpetual Friendship, and then gave Orders for a prodigious Army of Horse and Foot to be rais'd forthwith, over which the Emperor made his Son *Deloratus* Captain General.

And thus having gotten all his Forces ready, *Pericles*, attended by many of the first Rank, who serv'd him as Volunteers, he march'd into *Assyria*, and ravag'd all that resisted him: But Fortune, who often jilts Monarchs as well as Peasants, did not come into his Measures so soon as he expected; so that after several pitch'd battles, and the Loss of much Blood, his Officers were in a manner dispirited, and inclinable to return home; and no doubt would have done so, had not a Council of War been held, in which it was determin'd to push once

more with all the Efforts they could make, and then determine, according to Success.

Accordingly Dispatches were sent to *Persia* for fresh Supplies of Men and Money to carry on the War, afresh; and this Request being agreed to at the *Persian* Court, it inspired the Breasts of most of the Nobility, among the rest *Montclion*, (who was now grown to Years of Maturity) was resolutely bent to try his Fortune in this Expedition, who being under the Care of the Lady *Cothanes*, his supposed Mother, who had a tender Regard for him, he was obliged to get into the Army by Stealth, and make the best of his Way, with what Money and Jewels he could conveniently get together.

And now being mounted on a most noble Steed magnificently accoutred, he enter'd the Field, bearing in his Shield this Device, *A naked Man amongst a Tuft of Trees*; which he caused to be made, on Purpose to be known, different from the rest. He was no sooner in the Camp, but he beheld both Armies joyned into a most terrible Fight, and a great Number of Soldiers on both Sides slain, lying cover'd and besmear'd with Blood, some with their Swords grasp'd fast in their Hands threatening; and others, with hideous Noise breathing forth their last Gasps: And in the Camp he beheld some flying, others pursuing; some standing fast in cruel Conflict, others with fierce Terror slaying those that were next them, some with hideous Noise animating their fellow Soldiers, and others with Fear, crying, *Retire, retire*. At last he beheld a brave General, with his Sword drawn all cover'd with Blood, hurled up and down amongst the *Armenians*, performing Wonders, till at last he

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was encompassed with such a Multitude of his Enemies, that it was impossible for him to escape ; which Sight stirred up in *Montelion* such Marks of Courage and Desire to succour him, that he timely rode into his Relief. And first he piered his Launce through the Bodies of two that were opposite before him, and his Horse with unstay'd Course overthrew others, treading them under his Feet ; then drawing his Sword, whose Sight dazel'd the Beholders Eyes, till he darkened the same with their Blood, destroying such as withstood his Passage, till he approached the Persian Knight, who without his Assistance, had there ended his Life, but finding himself at more Liberty by the friendly Assistance of this new come Gallant, redoubled his abated Courage, and joyning themselves both together, they perform'd such Deeds of Chivalry, as by their Valour, the thronged Multitude of the *Armenians* was dispersed, every one halting to get from them.

This Knight which *Montelion* had rescued was *Pericles*, who seeing how valiantly he had preserved his Life, said, Noble Knight, thy Valour hath preserv'd me, for which I will not be ungrateful ; and if thou art a Friend to me as thou hast already shewn, Second me, and I will once again try my Fortune ; with that *Montelion* held up his Hand, to shew he gave Consent. *Pericles* with all Speed hastened into the foremost of the Battle, and *Montelion* follow'd after, making such way that those that stood to resist him died ; where being come, they found *Deloratus*, *Ofimus*, *Pisier*, *Cothanes*, and many gallant Knights hardly engag'd ; but that Disadvantage was soon turned to Advantage by their Approach, for *Montelion* perform'd such might

ty Deeds of Arms, as made both the Persian and Armenian Hosts admire who he was, and from whence he came.

Now the Persians began to gather fresh Courage, and assault their Enemies more fiercely than before. *Palian*, the Usurper of the Crown, seeing that, thinking to prevail as formerly, call'd the chiefest Rulers to him, exhorting them to take Courage to resist the Enemies; upon which with undaunted Spirit, they follow'd the Battle with great Resolution, so that the Persian Commanders were forced to fly to their Regiments to encourage them to fight. All this Time *Montelion* and *Perficles* kept together, making Thousands of the *Armenians* to pay their Lives for Tribute unto their conquering Swords. Whilst they continued the Fight, in the Front of the Battle, they suddenly heard a Cry on the right Wing; which when *Montelion* heard, he set Spurs to his Horse and rode thither, where he found *Deloratus* among a great Throng of *Armenians* unhors'd, and fighting on Foot, being grievously wounded, and against such Odds, that he was ready to faint; amongst whom he rushed with such Fury, that he hors'd him again, and sent a Guard with him to his Tent: Then turning again towards *Perficles*, he espied *Cothanes* unhors'd, whom he knew by his Armour, and newly by Force taken Prisoner; but before they could convey him from thence, he began so cruel a Fight, that with the Loss of many of their Lives, he set him at Liberty also.

The *Armenians* seeing their Fellows thus slaughtered, and the Enemy pursue them so closely, began to retire; and *Palian* well perceiving that he should lose that Day; therefore calling to him two Knights,

and espying the King and the strange Knight together, came unto them, and they both alighted to salute him; but *Deloratus* would by no means suffer them to depart, but intreated them to lodge in his Tent that Night, which they did not deny: Then taking *Montelion* in kind sort between them, enter'd the Tent, where he unarm'd himself. When they beheld his Youth, they wondred greatly at it, to be accompanied with such Valour; both *Deloratus* and *Pericles* using him with great Kindness.

Presently after, the principal Commanders of the Camp assembled themselves together, to their General's Tent, to receive Orders; amongst the rest was *Cothanes*, who at the first entrance into the Tent, espy'd his Son *Montelion* (his Head being only unarmed) and by his Armour knew it was he that had so honourably preserv'd his Life, he could not refrain from rejoicing: Likewise *Montelion* seeing him, upon his Knee, entreated him to pardon his Boldness, for coming to the Camp without his Consent. *Cothanes*, took him up and imbraced him; which the King seeing, said unto *Cothanes*, my Friend is this thy Son? My Lord (said he) he is my Son, and he calleth me Father yet I am unworthy, to be Father of such a Son, who had rather shewn himself the Son of some Heroick King; and because Worthiness shall not be darkned with the ignoble Title of my Son, I will declare to you all that I know of him: Indeed he is not my Son; but my Lady and I being one Day a Hunting, found him upon the top of a Mount, in Swaddling-cloaths, which was such as shewed he was not of mean Parentage, but of honourable Race; his Nurse, as I suppose, being distressed for want of Food, was wandred from him, whose Carcase and

Cloaths we found not far off destroy'd by a Lion : Since which time, we have with Carefulness brought him up; esteeming him as our own Son. This my Lord, in brief, is the whole Sum of what I know of him.

This Relation being ended, to the great Astonishment of those that heard it; Prince *Pericles* immediately took *Montelion* in his Arms, and embraced him with all the tenderness imaginable; at the same time conferring on him, the Order of Knighthood, and making him first Captain of his Guards.

In short, the whole *Armenian* Army was routed, with the loss of many thousand choice Troops, besides those wounded and taken Prisoners; to the immortal Honour of *Montelion*, to whom the greatest Part of this victory was owing.

And now it was that *Palian*, who flying before those few routed Troops the *Armenians* had left; found it one of the greatest Difficulties of his Life, to save himself from falling a Sacrifice to the just Rage of a victorious Enemy. For *Montelion*, with a strong squadron of horse, followed him so close, that the City Gates were scarce shut upon *Palian*, when the victorious Knight was almost within Pistol-shot of him.

But, tho' *Montelion* could not reach him this Time, it was not long before a grand Council of War was held in the Army, wherein it was agreed, at *Montelion's* Request, that himself, with twenty Knights of his own choosing, should go and put in Execution a Project of his, for surprizing the Guards at one of the City Gates; and accordingly, about Midnight, they begun their Approaches; *Montelion* knocking at the Gate like a Country Peasant, the Door was no sooner open'd, but he thrust

Knights, one nam'd *Althesus*, and the other *Petron*, who were the stoutest Men in all his Army, he said unto them, Join with me, and let us once again try to repulse the Enemy; with that, they three, with a Multitude of their chiefeſt Soldiers, rode to the Place of Battle, where the King himſelf was: *Palian* knowing him, with a Launce ready mounted, ran at him, which lighted upon his Shield, and ſo burſt in Pieces, not once bruising the well temper'd Steel. Then *Althesus* and the reſt attack'd him all at once, whom he reſiſted with exceeding Valour, continuing a ſharp Diſpute with them a long Time; but at length the Odds proving too great, he was driven only to defend the Blows that they made at him; and then he began to wiſh for the ſtrange Knight that had before relieved him, expecting nothing but Death.

By this time *Montelion* had reſcued *Cothanes*, and again got him Horſe and Arms; which done, he left him, and even at the very time the King wiſhed for him, he came, and eſpying three Knights aſſailing him at once, he aimed his Sword's Point at *Petron's* Breasts, who was next him, and running at him with all the Force his Horſe could poſſibly make, thruſt him quite through his Body; and preſently after, aiming the ſame at *Palian*, he ran in at him; and had he not avoided the Encounter, he had either ſlain or wounded him; but miſſing him, he made at him with his Sword with ſuch Force, that in a ſhort ſpace he gave him many Wounds.

King *Perſicles* having none but *Althesus* to reſiſt, did combat him bravely, who with the like Valour reſiſted him; but in the end, the uſurping King finding himſelf ſo overmatch'd, would have often

escaped, which *Montelion* perceiving, gave him no respite to fly.

But the Night now drawing on, whilst the *Armenians* founded a Retreat, *Montelion* had time to consider what was best for him to do, and whether it were convenient to discover himself or not: At last determining to depart in security, he espy'd the King hard by him, who of purpose had watch'd him, doubted that which he intended; who came unto him, and said:

Most worthy Knight, the kindness I have found in you, constrains me to desire your Company, and entreat you to accept of my Tent, to repose yourself in; for that I suppose you are a Stranger, and it were inconvenient for you to Travel after so much Fatigue, having this Day defended me, that I count myself yours, and my Life preserv'd by your Valour; therefore deny me not, but let me requite your Kindness. *Montelion* having heard *Cotbanes* oftentimes commend the King, for Valour and Courtesie, and knowing how to behave himself, as well to the meanest as the greatest; said, may it please your Majesty, I am unfit to receive the Honours you proffer me, and my Deserts not worth the Commendations you give them; therefore I beseech you not to attribute to me more than my mean Estate deserves, but rather order me to wait on you with all the humble Duty, my Life, and all my Endeavours being devoted to your Service; and my self ready at your Majesty's Command. This said, they went together to the Camp, where they were welcom'd with Shouts and Rejoycings of all the *Persian* Soldiers.

Deloratus hearing of these Acclamations, came out of his Tent, to see what was the Cause thereof, and

thrust his Launce thro' the Body of the Gate-keeper, and entred the City, making Way at the same Time for his Companions to follow him. This was no sooner done, but they immediately posted to *Palian's* Head-Quarters, where surprizing the Guard, they took him Prisoner in his Bed.

Palian was no sooner in Custody, but a Signal was made to the *Affyrian* Army, by which they knew *Montelion* had succeeded in his Enterprize; and accordingly the King of *Affyria* march'd at the Head of Twenty Thousand Men into the City, putting all to the Sword whom they found in Arms against them; particularly those Rebel-*Affyrians*, who had taken Part with the Enemies of their Country. As for *Palian*, he being a King's Son, his Life was spar'd, it being thought fit to send him to a strong Castle, and confine him there close Prisoner.

During this sudden Revolution, the King of *Armenia* had Notice of the Imprisonment of his Son; and that he might set him at Liberty again, he march'd towards the King of *Affyria*, with all the Flower of his Army: But having more invincible Troops to engage with, he was frustrated in his Design; not being able to effect that which a superior Power could keep from him. So that had not *Montelion* generously begg'd *Palian's* Life of the Prince, and sent him safe as a Present to his Father, he had been beheaded in the Castle by Order of Prince *Pericles*, as an Usurper of his Dominions.

Now *Palian* finding himself so generously preserv'd and set at Liberty, it inspir'd him with so much Gratitude, that to put a Stop to the further Effusion of Blood, he perswaded the King his Father

her to sign a general Peace ; the Consequence of which was a full Resignation of all the Territories they had usurped to its lawful Sovereign Prince *Pericles*.



C H A P. VIII.

Pericles' leaves the Government of Assyria, and goes to Persia in search of Constantia, &c.

THE Campaign being ended, and with that, the War betwixt the two Crowns ; *Pericles* made his old Friend *Pisor* Viceroy of his Kingdom ; and made the necessary Preparations to accompany *Deloratus* into *Persia*. And accordingly they set out accompany'd with *Palion* and *Montelion* ; who were met by the Emperor, and all his Court, with the utmost Demonstrations of Joy, not far from the Imperial Palace, where vast Preparations had been made for his Reception. They were no sooner arriv'd, and receiv'd the Compliments of the whole Court, but they were invited to a most splendid Feast ; to which all the foreign Ministers, together with the most celebrated Beauties of the Court were invited. Among the rest was the lovely *Proxentia*, who no sooner cast her Eyes on *Montelion* but fell deeply in love with him ; as *Palian* did at the same Time with her : *Montelion* keeping as yet his Heart to himself, having nothing in View but the searching out his Parents, and *Constantia*.

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The Violence of *Proxentia's* Passion was so great for *Montelion*, that she grew impatient to discover it; and therefore sent for an old Lady of her Acquaintance, and one whom she could trust, to whom she unbosom'd herself, desiring the best of her Advice in so nice an Affair.

This old Gentlewoman was entirely in *Proxentia's* Interest; and therefore promised she would make known her Affection for *Montelion* that Night, and privately introduce him into her Chamber; but *Palian* happening to meet her in the Evening, she mistook him for *Montelion*, and in the dead of the Night convey'd him by the Back-Stairs into her Bed-Chamber, where *Proxentia* lay slumbring, with all the Charms a Lover could expect. Ingratitude, worse than the Sin of Witchcraft, made *Palian* forget all his Obligations to *Montelion*; so that as his Voice was not known to her, he had the Impudence to personate the Man she loved above all the World, and to steal into Bed to her, where he would have robb'd her of that Virtue, she design'd for *Montelion* in a marriage State, had not she persuaded him to desist whilst the next Night; when she consented to be married privately to him by a certain Fryar of her Acquaintance. But *Montelion* that very Evening by a lucky Accident, discover'd the Baseness of *Palian*, by personating the Fryar who was to marry them, and had it not been *Proxentia's* just Reproaches, he would have killed him on the Spot.

This Discovery being over, *Montelion* and *Pericles* left the Court, their Design being to go in Quest of *Constantia*, which they communicated to none but *Piera*, whom they knew they could trust with Safety. They had not travell'd far, but they met

met with two Damsels riding full speed; whom *Montelion* riding after, they begg'd his Assistance, to recover their Mistress *Philotheta*, who was just before taken from them by three monstrous Giants. *Montelion* made a Signal to *Pericles* to come up, and telling him of their Misfortunes, they both concluded to ride Post after them; but coming to two cross Roads, they parted so far asunder, that they met not for some considerable Time afterwards.

As for *Pericles*, he travelled 'till he came to a certain Cell, wherein liv'd one *Deloratus*, formerly Duke of *Ha*; who, after having given him some Refreshment, he related the History of his Life to that Time; and withal told him, That he



was the Father of the fair *Philotheta*: That *Hellon* had built an enchanted Tower, in which he had confined *Constantia*, betrothed Wife to *Pericles*; that *Penthrasus*, the Necromancer, had told him, that

Night, he went wandering up and down to seek a Place of Rest, lest some wild Beast might devour him: Coming to a Wood with a Purpose to pass through the same, he heard the Sound of a big Voice, which made him stand still and listen; and with softly Steps, drawing thitherwards, he perceived it was the Giants, who did curse and damn him for crossing their Journey.

What shall we do (quoth one of them) shall we stay here or no? We shall wander I know not whither: A plague on that white Devil that haunted us; I am sure he is no Man; for we are Men; and one Man should be as good in Sight as another: But you, like cowardly Slaves, have suffer'd such a Wretch to have the Advantage of you. Hold thy Pratling, said the other, thou couldst have done no more than we. Thou needst not vex me, I am vex'd enough with the Loss of my Arm; let us rest here 'til Day, and then we will be gone, for he hath Work enough to find his Horse. *Philotheta* was so affrighted with Fear, that she lay like one in a Trance: To whom one of them said, Sweet *Philotheta*, be not offended with me, for I have loved thee long, and long expected this happy Hour to enjoy thee: Be content to lodge on the cold Earth for my Sake, who have lost many a Night's Sleep for thine; neither shalt thou lye on the Earth, for my Body shall be thy Bed, whilst my Arms embrace thee: Then did he take her in his Arms, bestowing many a loathsome Kiss upon her; but she for Fear, durst not cry out. *Montelion* stood and heard all their unreverent Usage, wishing it were Day, that he might revenge their Disloyalty. They had not lain long, but one, and then the other fell fast asleep, which he knew by their
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their Snoring: Thinking it no Discredit to destroy such Miscreants that delighted in Rapine and Oppression, and drawing near unto him, *Philotheta* espied him, and by reason of his white Armour, knew him: Desirous she was to speak with him, but being fearful to awake her Keeper, which held her, and yet she knew the Care of her Affright kindred him from Revenge: At last, so boldly as she durst, she lifted her Hand and beckoned *Montelion* to her, and pointing to the Giant, he understanding her Meaning, thrust his Sword into him that had her folded in his Arms, who striving with the Pangs, she had the Liberty to leap from him, roaring forth such a Groan as all the Wood sounded therewith; and his Fellow being half amaz'd,



started up ready to run away, but *Montelion's* Sword overtook his hindermost Leg; at one Blow he cut in sunder the Sinews, and he fell down, holding up his Hands for Mercy: but with the next Blow he

that the Son of *Pericles* should be the only Knight that should dissolve the enchanted Castle; and that if *Pericles* should come that Way; in order to effect it, he had Orders to advise him to return to *Affyria*, for that all his Efforts would be in vain; the Inchantment being only to be dissolved by a Son born of *Constantia*.

Pericles having heard what the good old Hermit had said, it fill'd his Heart with two extream Passions, Joy and Sorrow; Joy that *Constantia* should be set at Liberty again: Fear that he should be destitute of a Son to do it; he being ignorant as yet of *Constantia*'s having born him a Prince.



C H A P. IX.

Montelion fights with three Giants, and rescues Philotheta; and what befel them in the Hermit's Cell.

MONTELION being parted from *Pericles*, he hastened with more than ordinary Pace after *Philotheta*, and overtook them about the Setting of the Evening, running at the Hindmost with so fierce a Career, that he overturned him with his Heels upward; and was charging so violently against the Second, that had he not avoided the Point of his Launce, he had seconded his Fellow. Then he that was overthrown, went towards *Montelion*, offering such a forcible Blow at him, that if he had not spurr'd his Horse to avoid him, he had either slain him or his Horse: But *Montelion* knowing it

it better to fight on Foot than on Horse-back, alighted; whilst the Giant came towards him again, thinking at one Blow to beat him in Pieces, the other two seeing him on Foot, went away laughing; but the Giant missing his Aim, by reason of *Montelion's* Nimbleness, was ready to turn about with the Force of his Blow, in which Time *Montelion* leap'd within him, and thrust his Sword so far in his Body that he fell down Dead. The other seeing that, one of them came running back to rescue him, whom *Montelion* soon espy'd, being ready to receive him. The Giant seeing his Fellow dead, thought at one Blow to end *Montelion's* Life, that he struck at him with all his Force, but he avoided his Blow, not yet daring to come within him until he was somewhat out of Breath, being furious for Revenge, but more mad to miss so many Blows, he struck so full and violent at *Montelion*, that his massy Club struck in the Earth, and whilst he labour'd to pull it out, *Montelion* struck him so full a Blow on the Arm, that he cut the same quite off, whereat he gave such a Groan that all the Place rung with the Noise thereof, running away as fast as he could toward *Montelion's* Horse, whom he affrighted so much with his grisly and blustering Approach, that he brake in sunder the Reins of his Bridle, and ran away with great Swiftnes: *Montelion* was exceedingly vex'd for want of his Horse, not knowing for want of him what to do, and by reason of the Night's Approach, he still pursued the Giant, keeping him in Sight as long as he could, whom at last he lost. Seeing himself so disappointed and unhorsed, he began to study what to do; at last being past hope of finding them or his Steed, by reason of the Darknes of the Night,

he pierced his Brains, so that he died a most miserable Death.

The other had received no mortal Wound, for the Point of his Sword lighting upon one of his Ribs, was stayed from ending his Life; who, whilst *Montelion* was slaughtering the other, had recover'd his Staff, bending a full Blow at *Montelion*, who by good Fortune, and *Philotheta*'s Shriek, turn'd about, and espying the same coming, broke half the Force, and running in withal, ran his Sword quite into his Body; but with the Bruise he received, fell down himself into a Trance. *Philotheta* thinking he had been Dead, run to him with speed, striving with her tender Hand to unbuckle his Beaver, and unlace his Helmet to give him Breath; which though long, yet at last she attained; but seeing him bereft of his Senses, she bemoan'd herself in the following manner:

Ah me! what will now become of me? How shall I escape further Misery? Here am I left alone ready to be devour'd of wild Beasts; yet what need I fear any Mischief, when so great a Misery hath befallen me, as greater cannot be? Her Laments conducted the Steps of an aged Hermit that dwelt in those Woods, to the Place where she lay weeping over *Montelion*.

Damsel (said the Hermit) fear not, I will do my best to help you. And kneeling down by *Montelion*, rubbing his Cheeks, and laying his Hand upon his Breast, felt some Sign of Life in him: Seeking for an Herb, which presently he found, he bruised the same, letting the Juice fall into his Nostrils, with the Virtue whereof he came to himself again. With that, raising himself upon his Arm, he said: I perceive I have troubled you, and

and (as it were half ashamed of himself) he desired her not to be troubled at his Misfortunes. *Philotheta's* Heart rejoicing to see him revived, not so well knowing what to say, now he was revived, as when he was in a Trance ; but her Virtue and his Desert constraining her, she could do no less than utter these Speeches.

Sir Knight, your Courtesy being so far beyond my Desert, bindeth me to yield you Thanks, and Thanks is an insufficient Requital for your Pains ; although I know you not, nor never saw you until this Day, yet your Valour and Courtesy in delivering me from Captivity, hath bound me to become grateful, and deserveth more Recompence than I am able to yield.

Lady, said *Montelion*, the Heavens have assisted you, not my Valour, which I have attempted without Expectation of Recompence : If you think well of my Pains, it is all the Reward I crave.

The old Helmet perceiving some strange Accident had brought them thither, desired them, (*Montelion* being very sore bruised, and she much affrighted and disquieted) to accept of his Cell to repose in, untill they could take better order for their Safety. *Montelion* thanked him, saying, He was pleased, so it liked the Lady. With that they began to go ; but *Montelion* by reason of his sore Bruise, with much ado could stand. The Hermit taking him by the Arm, supported him, whilst *Philotheta* offered to lend him an Arm, but he excused it, desiring her not to trouble herself.

Sir, (said the Hermit) refuse not her Courtesy, for in Time of Need it is not good to be too curious. With that she lent him both her Arm and Hand ; but wondred that Nature had wrought in her

her such a familiar Regard to him she knew not; thinking with herself, how is my Estate alter'd, that to Day was free from Care, now suddenly brought to Bondage, and from Bondage to this Disquiet, and all in a Moment: I am now like one that am content with Misery, and yet discontented with that Content: I could wish myself from hence, and yet were I gone, I should wish myself here again, because I desire the Knight's Welfare; and yet methinks I should not be too familiar, and yet I know he hath deserved more Kindness than I can bestow.

Being arrived at the Cell, the Hermit gave *Montelion* a Restorative which comforted him greatly, and *Philotheta* a Cup of Wine, which revived her affrighted Heart. There was no Light in the Room, therefore as yet, neither of them had seen each other: *Montelion* wished the Day might appear, that he might behold her Beauty; and she, that she might behold whether his Person was agreeable to his Valour; and the Hermit desirous to see what Guests he had entertained. Seeing them both silent, the one abstained for Grief, the other for Modesty, after he had seated them on soft Rushes, he said,

As it seems to me, you are Strangers one to another, which makes me desirous to know what Accident hath befallen you: Father, said he, indeed we are so, for as yet I never saw this Lady's Beauty; yet I know her Name is *Philotheta*, Daughter to the Duke of *Ila*, which Knowledge I got by this Means: As I and another Knight were travelling in search of a Lady, who hath been a long Time missing, we chanced to espy two Damsels in White, passing us with great Speed, with whom I had Conference,

Conference, and they told me, that this Lady was taken away from them by three Giants; I returned to my Friend with this News, and we posted after them, until at a Cross-way we parted, that if they went either Way we should overtake them; but it was my good Fortune to light on them, and by their Deaths to free the Lady, thinking my Valour well bestowed, to redeem her from their Treachery.

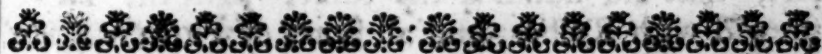
Philobeta refrain'd to speak, and only thank'd him, fearing she should seem more courteous than Modesty would permit, or more coy than Virtue required.

Sir, (said the Hermit) I know these Giants, and the Manner of their Lives to be most inhumane and wicked, whose Habitation is not far off in the Desert of *Arabia*, by whose Death the Country is freed from much Outrage, which they daily committed.

Sir, (said *Montelion*) I pray what Country is this? It is *Arabia*, (quoth he.) Doth not *Helion* reign as King here? Sir, (reply'd he) he did reign as King; but whither he is now living or no, is doubtful: Some say he is enchanted in a Tower he built himself, situate not far off; from whence he cannot be released until the Enchantment be ended; many Knights of strange Countries have adventured, but none can finish; the Cause of building thereof, no Man yet can tell.

The Hermit having said this, he went out to gather some Fruits of the Field for their Refreshment, leaving *Montelion* and *Philobeta* by themselves. Who, after they had looked upon each other with Admiration, fell into a Discourse of Love; *Montelion* offering his Heart, and the best
of

of his Affections to her Command, and humbly intreated her to accept of that which he was ambitious to lay at her Feet: To which *Philotheta* return'd many a thankful and obliging Answer: when of a sudden the Hermit cry'd out, that there was Strangers at the Entrance of the Cell, when immediately came in three Knights all in Green, two of which laying violent Hands upon *Philotheta* took her by Force, and hurried her presently out of sight, whilst *Montelion* was deeply engag'd with the Third. But *Montelion* fought in vain, the other having the Advantage of him, and being well mounted, in a scoffing manner, told him, It was to no purpose for him to regain her by Blows, for that she was past Recovery; and that if ever he found her, it would be by consulting the *Hesperian* Nymphs, and so rode away after his Companions, leaving *Montelion* and the Hermit in the utmost Consternation: believing as it afterwards prov'd, that she was convey'd to the enchanted Castle.



CHAP. X.

Montelion arrives at the Bower of the Hesperian Nymphs; each of them gives him a Gift, and names him Knight of the Oracle.

M*ontelion* having lost her whom his Soul ador'd, thought it to no Purpose to tarry with the Hermit, but thanking him for his Kindness, he departed with so heavy a Heart, that he could hardly speak for Grief; travelling he knew not whither, having so many Occasions of Care, he knew

knew not what to do, nor which way to direct his Steps. All the rest of that Day he rode in this disconsolate sort, until it grew to be Night, neither caring for Meat or Lodging; but turning his Horse loose to feed, he laid himself down under an Oak, clogg'd with so many Cares, and his Senses so over-grown with Conceit, that they rocked him into a deep Sleep, in the midst whereof he suddenly awak'd, and being called by a Damsel that appeared unto him, who standing before him said, Sir Knight, Arise and follow me; he marvelling what she should be, arose and follow'd her, she leading him the Way (as he thought) thro' many By-paths, and Cross-ways, Hills, Dales and Woods, until the Sun arose; then vanishing out of his Sight, she left him in the midst of a pleasant green Meadow, beautify'd with all Sorts of Flowers; and looking about him, he espy'd it encompass'd with Springs, Trees, Groves; and in the midst an Arbour of blowing Roses, made with such Art, that he admir'd the same, and the Floor strew'd with Rushes, and all Sorts of Flowers: He stood a-while in Admiration, and casting his Eye aside, he espy'd a Table with these Verses:

*What e'er thou art that shall behold this writ,
 Abstain from coming into this sacred Place.
 A Company of comely Nymphs here sit,
 That rule the Hesperian Oracle of Grace;
 Be not too bold, lest thou repent too late
 Thy rash Attempt, and hard divining Fate.*

Which when he had read, he stood in a deep Study, arguing their Ambiguity; then suddenly he heard the Sound of most sweet Musick, drawing
 near

near him, and turning about, he espy'd a Troop of Damsels attir'd in most rich Ornaments, with Garlands of Roses, mix'd with diverse colour'd Flowers upon their Heads, some playing upon Instruments, others having in their Hands a Bow, and at their Back a Sheaf of Arrows: Amongst them there were three taller, more beautiful, and richly adorn'd than the rest, wearing Crowns of Palm; amongst whom he espy'd the Damsel that brought him thither, which made him with more Boldness stay their coming.

They pass'd by him, continuing their Melody, until they came within their Pavilion: Then two of them came forth, saluting him with courteous and gentle Behaviour, leading him to the Pavilion, untill he came to the Place where they were all seated, and the three chief in the midst. *Montelion* disarming his Head, did them Reverence on his Knee, and then presently he heard a Voice uttering these Speeches;

Most noble Knight, the Nymphs of the *Hesperian* Oracle pitying thy Care and Troubles, have brought thee hither to comfort thee with our Assistance; unto which Place never any Man was yet admitted; therefore reveal not to any what thou hast seen; with thy Sword maintain their Honour, and name thyself *Knight of the Oracle*: Thy Parentage is royal, thy Father not knowing he hath a Son, and your Mother not thinking to see either Father or Son: Thy Fortune shall be good, thy Misfortune great; that which thou lovest best shall trouble thee most, and when thou thinkest thyself nearest, thou shalt be furthest off; thy professed Friends, thy greatest Foes: Thou wert begotten in *Persia*, born in *Arabia*, and brought up in *Assy-*

ria. Be constant in Love, true to thy Friends, patient in Misery, and lowly in Prosperity. Farewell, and be both happy and fortunate.

The Voice ceasing, the Nymphs came round about him, one ungirding his Sword, another unlacing his Helmet, and the third unbuckling his Armour, others unlacing of his Gantlets, and every one busie to disarm him: This done, one of the chieftest of them presented him with a most curious rich Armour, wrought of the best and purest Lydian Steel, enamell'd all over with Green, and beset with Diamonds, Sapphires, Jaspers, and Rubies, the like for Strength and Richness never Knight possessed: Then the Second gave him a Shield agreeable thereto, with this Device thereon, A Knight kneeling, encompass'd with Nymphs, crowning him with a Wreath of Roses; and underneath these Words written in Letters of Gold, *The Knight of the Oracle.* The Third presented him with a rich Sword, which he girded on his side; another a Pair of Gantlets; another a Plume; another a Spear, another a Pair of Spurs; and every one something to express their Kindness. When he was thus adorn'd, which made him most beautiful to behold, every one gave him a courteous Farewel, and departed again the same Way they came from the Grove.

Then the Damsel that brought him thither, came to him and said, Sir Knight, The Ladies of this Oracle, pitying the hard Adventures you are to undertake, have bestow'd these Arms on you, which shall oftentimes preserve your Life; and honour'd you so much as to choose you for their Knight; they have also appointed me to bring you to the Place where I found you; therefore let

us depart, myself will give you a Horse, whose Equal for Goodness cannot be had : Which said, she led the Way, and he follow'd after, until they came to the Castle, into which the Damsel entred, willing him to stay, while she return'd ; leading in her Hand a Horse, Black of Colour, but of such a goodly Proportion, that his Eyes never beheld the like before ; and mounting himself, the Damsel said unto him : *Knight of the Oracle*, Farewel, prosper, and be fortunate : Which she had no sooner spoken, but presently she vanish'd from his Sight, before he could have Respite to give her Thanks for her Courtesy.

Being parted from her, he entred into these Meditations, which shortned the Way as he rode along :

I have lost the noble Knight *Pericles*, who by this accuseth me of Discourtesy for not finding him out ; How can I do that, when I have lost myself and *Philotheta*, and in her my All ? Which of these are dearest to me, I know not ; myself I love by Nature, him for his Honour, and her by Affection ; which then should I go in search of, since they are both so dear unto me, as that I think myself bereft of Comfort by missing them ? My Estate is also uncertain, and the Place where to find them so doubtful, that I cannot assure myself of confidence in either ; but must take my fortune as it falleth, and arm myself with Patience to endure the hardest Tryal of Extreame.

Then he began to study which way to travel, being as ignorant of the Place where *Philotheta* was, as unacquainted in those Ways. Riding along, very melancholy, he at last lighted in a plain fair beaten Path, in the Furrows of whose Dust he

might perceive the footing of Horses that had newly gone that Way, which put him in Comfort, that it would not be long before he should find some Company. He had not rode an Hour, but he chanced to enter a Way that ascended a high Mountain, whose lofty Top discover'd to his Eye the fair Turrets of the enchanted Tower, which glister'd as if they had been framed of massy Gold, which drove him into Admiration: And viewing well the Situation thereof, he discern'd the Valley round about over-spread with Tents, as if it had been encompass'd with an Host of Enemies; and forsaking the gallant Prospect he intended to travel thither, to know the Cause of that Assembly, making the more haste, for that it grew towards Night: E're he could attain thither it waxed dark, therefore for that Night he took his Lodgings under the Covert of a Tuft of Trees, pleasantly seated in the midst of a green Meadow.



C H A P. XI.

Montelion arrives at the enchanted Castle, and finishes the Enchantment.

MONTELION having thanked the Hermit, for all his Kindnesses, he mounted his Horse, and rode in Quest both of *Perficle*, and the enchanted Castle; the latter being his Lot to meet with first, he was resolutely bent to try the utmost of his Strength and Skill to dissolve, notwithstanding

standing he found many valiant Knight to lye Dead before it. Fix'd with this strong Resolution, and an invincible Courage, before the bright Sun could shew her splendant Beams, the *Knight of the Oracle* arose, viewing the Situation of the Bridge, to see which Way he might advantage himself or disadvantage his Foe; and winding the Horn, there was an exceeding Earthquak within the Tower, that the Foundation thereof shook; and one of the Giants came running forth without speaking a Word, striking at him; but he defended himself a great while on Horse-baek, until the Giant pressed so hard upon him, that he was forced to Dis-mount; and thereupon again assailed him, giving him many a deep Cut, and receiving many a sore Bruise, that had not his Armour preserv'd him, he had dyed; but in the End, he prevailed so much by the Death of the first Giant, that he attained the first and second Fortification of the Bridge; and at the third, he was so violently set upon by the other Giant, that he was only compell'd to award his Blows, but espying a broken Place in his Armour, he thrust his Sword quite through his Body, by which Means he entered the first large Court, where he beheld the Armour of such Knights as had failed in the Adventure.

Ila knowing that the Date of the Enchantment would now end, in, furious Sort came running to the Place where *Constantia* and *Philotheta* were, taking *Philotheta* with Violence out of the Arbour, and by force of her Enchantment, compell'd her to follow her unril she came to the Court, where the *Knight of the Oracle* was: He suddenly beholding *Philotheta*, at the first Sight knew her, and seeing them pass by, towards the Entrance, he stept

after them to speak to her, but suddenly rush'd upon him a Number of armed Men, that laid upon him with such Swiftneſs, that he had no Power to ſtir from the Place where he ſtood; then ſuddenly vaniſhing, he ſtood amazed at the Sight, and perplexed with ſuch Doubt, that he could not tell what to do; ſometimes thinking to follow *Philotheta*, then perſuading himſelf, it was but an Illuſion, and thinking to caſt off that Doubt, and go forwards; his Mind was poſſeſſed with ſuch Deſire to ſee her again, that he ſtood like a Man without Senſe; and ſuddenly ſuch a Miſt darkened the Place, that he could ſcarce ſee his Hands, continuing for a ſpace of an Hour: Whiſt he remain'd in theſe Cogitations, ſometimes of Perſuaſion it was ſhe, which troubled his Heart to think what ſhould become of her, that he ſeemed to have loſt his Senſes; remaining in many Meditations, the Miſt vaniſhed, and the Sun ſhining, diſcloſed the Beauty of that moſt ſtately Palace. When he ſaw no further Expectation of Danger appear, he entered further, towards the three Gates of Braſs, beholding the curious Work thereof, thro' which he enter'd into the Court, which drew his Mind in great Admiration thereof; and entering the Hall, beheld the two Lions, that kept the Paſſage; which with a fair Proſpect diſcover'd the Beauty of the Garden.

The Lions no ſooner eſpy'd him, but they preſently kept ſuch a roaring Noiſe, that all the Palace rung thereof; and *Conſtantia* hearing the ſame, cry'd out, as exceedingly affrighted. The *Knight of the Oracle* attempted to paſs by them, expecting no other but cruel Reſiſtance, but contrary to his Thought, they laid themſelves down at his Feet, as
it

it were reverencing him; which he beholding, of his own Inclination, loosed both their Chains, which when he had done, they ran out of the Palace with great Swiftneſs.

Paſſing through the Hall, he entered the Garden, looking round about him to behold the Beauty thereof, and ſuddenly he began to wonder that he had not beheld either Man, Woman, or Child, ſince he entered, which cauſed exceeding Admiration in him, marvelling greatly, that he could not behold the Lady whoſe Picture he beheld at the Entrance; ſo finding himſelf over-wearied with Labour, purpoſing to reſt his Body, entered into the Hall, and ſeated himſelf in a rich and coſtly Chair.

Conſtantia being in an Arbour, beheld him enter the Garden, and when he went back, marvelling what he ſhould be; and laſtly, thinking the Enchantment was ended, not daring to go out of the Arbour, her Heart was oppreſs'd with Amazement, that ſhe deſir'd one of the Damſels to ſee who he was, and learn the Cauſe of that Uproar they heard in the Palace.

One of the Damſels being more hardy than the other, ſaid, That for the Love ſhe bore her, ſhe would Adventure, though ſhe loſt her Life. Paſſing on towards the Palace with haſty Steps, as if ſome Body had purſued her; and going forwards, as if an Evil had been behind her, that we could not tell whither, wherefore, nor why ſhe went, until on a ſudden ſhe mounted the Paſſage into the Hall, and was right before the *Knight of the Oracle*; whom, when he ſaw, ſhe ſtood looking upon him with great Amazement; whiſt he ſaid unto her,

Damſel, fear not, I will defend you from Danger; here is none intends you harm.

The Damsel hearing his Voice, was revived; saying, Sir Knight, I wonder what Accident hath brought you hither, where no Knight hath been these twenty Years?

Lady, said he, Fortune, and my good Destiny, I have been employ'd to set you at Liberty.

Sir, quoth she, It is not I, but by Mistress you mean; by whose Command, I have adventur'd to see what hath happen'd; to whom if you will vouchsafe to go, I will conduct you.

He then remember'd it was not her Picture that he had seen, and blush'd to be so deceiv'd: But he told her, His coming was to do her Lady Service.

With that they enter'd the Garden, and *Constantia* soon espy'd him, and seeing the Knight come in such peaceable Sort with the Damsel, she went forth to meet him: He likewise seeing her, sheathed his Sword, his Heart trembling at the first Sight of her, by a natural Instinct, bearing such a reverend Regard to her majestical Person, that when he came near her, he bowed his Knee, and said, Most noble Lady, be not disquieted with Fear of restrained Liberty; for the Date of the Enchantment of this Castle is finished.

Constantia stepp'd to him, and took him by the Hand, desiring him not to kneel to her, who had more Cause to kneel to him.

Honour'd Lady, said he, I have all the Reward I expect; yet grant me one Favour, which is to tell me your Name.

Constantia's Heart leap'd within her, which caus'd an exceeding Blush to possess her Cheeks, saying, Noble Knight, I were to blame to deny you so small a Request; my Name is *Constantia*.

Then

Then hath Heaven, quoth he, made me happy, in finding you whom my Heart ever honour'd.

Constantia marveling who he should be, assuring herself it was not *Perficles*, because he ask'd her Name, yet conceiving that Sorrow might alter her in so long a Time, that he could not suddenly know her; she was much troubled, till he interrupted her with these Speeches: Lady, It may be you take me for another, to rid you out of Ambiguity, my Name is, *The Knight of the Oracle*, which I have but lately been known by; for before, I was called *Montelion*, being bred up in *Affyria*; but whether I was born there, or who my Parents were, I cannot tell: The Cause of my Travel into this Country was in your Search, in the Company of *Perficles*, who, for your Absence, liveth in perpetual Grief: Therefore cheer up your Heart, and put your Confidence in my Fidelity, who will not leave you till I have brought you to his Presence.

Constantia's Heart was so fill'd with Joy to hear his Words, remembring what *Philotheta* had told of *Montelion*, she said, Most honour'd Knight, I have heard before of your loyal Friendship, shewn to my dear Lord *Perficles*, which makes me put my whole Confidence in you; which came to my hearing by the Report of a Lady that you lately succour'd in that Country, named *Philotheta*.

He hearing that, fetch'd a deep Sigh, saying, Indeed I once enjoyed her Presence, but whether I shall ever see her again, or where she is, I know not; yet if I were not deluded, I beheld her passing out of this Castle.

It may be so, said *Constantia*, for she was with me this Day, and hath been here many Days; but the Enchantress in great Haste, and by great Vio-

lence took her from me, carrying her I know not whither; by whose Report of your Virtues, I conceive such Comfort of their Assurance, that I intreat your Promise of Assistance, and then shall my Heart rest void of Fear, as if I were in my Father's Court.

My Heart (said he) rejoyceth to hear your kind Speeches, vowing myself to be at your Command. Then they departed into the Palace, with Purpose not to tarry there, but instantly to leave the same: But coming into the Outward-court, he remember'd he heard the Voices of Men that lay in Bondage; being willing to release them out of Bondage, which he could soon do, when there was none to resist him, and in small Search, he found the Keys that open'd the Entrance into the Prison; leaving *Constantia* in Security, for he would not offend her Senses with the Smell thereof; and being enter'd, he found a great Number there enclosed, many of them in such poor and distressed Estate, that his Heart lamented to behold them: At last, he espy'd *Helion* (tho' to him unknown) whose Flesh seem'd to be incorporate with the Earth whereon he lay, from whence he could not rise without Help; and knowing the Enchantment to be finished, repented himself of what he had done.

When he had set them at Liberty, and they were come into the Light, with one Assent, all yielded him Thanks: *Constantia* likewise seeing them, wept for Grief, that so many should be endanger'd to set her at Liberty. They all proffer'd their Service unto her; but she desiring not to be known of any, in courteous Sort refused the same; reposing her whole Confidence in the *Knight of the Oracle*;

Gracie; who presently, according to her Desire, left the Palace, and without the Bridge he found his Horse, grazing amongst others that had lost their Riders: Amongst them he chose out Three, on which he mounted *Constantia*, and her two Damsels, hasting to Travel so far as the Day's Length would permit from the Palace, lodging that Night in a small Village. The Knights that had Liberty, seeing them departed, betook themselves to Travel, except *Helion*, who was so weak he could not Travel.



CHAP. XII.

Constantia leaving the Castle, Travels with Montelion, finds him to be her Son: A just Punishment on the lascivious Amphiador.

NOW is the Time, when Justice, tho' slow to punish, comes on with Severity at last: For the lovely *Constantia* having abandon'd the enchanted Castle, was wholly in the Care of *Montelion*. And tho' she knew him not to be her Son, receiv'd all the Marks of Respects and Submission as could be expected from one so illustriously born. But yet Fortune, who often leads us in slippery Paths, became Hoodwink'd to her Steps, and led the Princess one Day so far from the Vigilant *Montelion*, 'till she fell into the Hands of the lascivious *Amphiador*; a Knight, who had abandon'd all the Rules of Virtue and Modesty, and given himself up

up to the Sallies of an extravagant and preposterous Lust. *Constantia*, I say, having lost her Way, and fallen into this Miscreants Hands, was in a thousands Perplexities, and very anxious about preserving that Honour she had hitherto kept unspotted; when in the midst of his most violent Efforts upon her Virtue; a sudden Noise was heard in the Wood, which happily that Time, put a final Stop to his lascivious Desires. And happy it was for *Constantia* that this false Alarm was heard; for *Amphiador* having been so often repulsed by *Constantia*, it turn'd the Brutishness of his Lust upon the lovely *Praxentia* and *Philotheta*, Ladies both Emminent and Illustrious for their Birth and Virtues; and who had unhappily been trapan'd into the Possession of *Amphiador*. To satiate himself therefore in his accustom'd Lewdnes, he began his Addresses in the following Manner.

One Night, *Amphiador* being very desirous to possess *Praxentia*'s Love, he stole into her Chamber, creeping along the Floor, until he attained to the Bed-side; and perceiving her sleep soundly, without speaking, he crept into Bed to her. She feeling one in the Bed, was so amazed and affrighted, that before he could embrace her as he intended, she leaped out on the other Side, and ran to the Door; to whom he call'd, saying, I beseech you stay, I mean you no Harm, by Heaven I will not offer you Injury. What Villain art thou (said she) that seekest my Dishonour? Or what wicked Pretence drives thee hither at this unseasonable Time, and in such audacious Sort to affright me?

Neither intending your Dishonour, nor, under other Pretence than Virtuous, came your poor Servant *Amphiador* into your Presence, only with
Thank-

Thankfulness to manifest my Heart's true Devotion : I beseech you shun me not, nor suspect me; for my Heart will sooner see itself torn in Pieces, than think a Thought to wrong your Worthiness.

Should I be so Mad as to trust thee, thou might'st well repute me for Immodest, and well might I blame myself if I sustained Wrong; therefore for this Time I will leave you. With that, she made fast the Door, and hasten'd unto *Philotheta's* Chamber, calling out aloud, *Philotheta, Philotheta*, let me in. She being asleep, was half amaz'd with the Noise, not daring at the first or second Call to open the Door : But when she heard it was a Woman's Voice, she open'd the same; which she had no sooner done, but *Praxentia* stept in, desiring her to make it fast again; standing with Fear so mute, that until she had re-assumed her memorial Senses to their proper Use, she could not speak a Word; whilst *Philotheta* bewail'd her Sorrow, often demanding the Cause thereof. At last she declared how *Amphiador* had used her.

O base Villian (said *Philotheta*) will the Fates suffer him to proceed thus, and not cut him off? Or can we devise no Means to avoid his Intent? Lady, (quoth *Praxentia*) do but join with me, and you shall soon see, that between us we will quickly be rid of him. O Lord, said *Philotheta*, I should think myself the most happy Woman living, and for ever honour you, if by your Counsel and Help I attain this Felicity. Then, quoth she, by some Means or other convey his Sword into my Chamber, and there hide yourself till I come: In the mean Time I will so deal with him, that he shall come again to my Chamber, without Suspect of our Intent, with meer Hopes to attain my Love;
and

and when he is come, I will so work with him, that either we will by Cunning out-reach him, or sheath the same in his Bowels. All this, said *Philotheta*, will I constantly perform.

Early the next Morning *Philotheta* fetched *Praxentia's* Apparel, and putting it on, she went down where *Amphiador* was; who espying her, came to her, desiring that she would pardon his last Night's Boldness. Sir, said she, I was disquieted therewith, more than I needed, considering you meant me no Violence, as you protest: But it was great Folly in you to come at so unseasonable a Time, and not make the Party acquainted. Pardon me, I humble desire you, and withal pity me, that I am ensnared with your Beauty.

Many such Speeches he used, and she counterfeited many feign'd Denials, which was intermingled with such Hope, that he perceived she would yield, and therefore the more he entreated, vowed, and protested to win her Consent; which at last, according to her Appointment, she granted; but with such Conditions as further'd the Purpose of their intended Revenge. He being Joyful thereof, left her; and she went to *Philotheta*, declaring how she had dealt with him.

When Night approach'd, he walk'd abroad to meditate on his ensuing Pleasure; thinking by that Time he return'd they would be parted to their Lodgings. In the mean Time *Philotheta* conveyed into the Chamber two Swords, being the Weapons that were in the House, and hid herself from being seen. When he thought it Time, he returned, and coming to the Chamber-door, he found *Praxentia* ready to let him in, whose Heart trembled at the first Sight of him, but yet she shook it off, with as
much

much Courage as might be in a Woman. When he was enter'd, and the Door made fast, having embraced her with a lascivious Kiss, the which she patiently endur'd, by reason of her Promise, he went to Bed, whilst she stood trifling to undress herself. When she saw him laid, she came to the Bed-side, giving him a betraying Kiss, saying, *Amphiador*, how much do I now differ from Chastity, that must yield to violate the same, without the Holy Rites of Marriage, wherein I shall cast away myself, and make my Name oblique throughout the whole World, if you forsake me, of whose Faith I have no Assurance? Tush, quoth he, fear not, but come to Bed: I will then make thee a faithful Promise, that thou shalt rest contented. That were, (said she) to yield Possession before, and afterwards repent. By my Soul (said he) I will not touch you before I am licens'd by your free Consent. Then (said she) let me bind your Hands, and I will without Delay come to you. He accounted that Request to proceed from bashful Fear, not from Policy; thinking though his Hands were bound, he should be good enough for her with his Legs, granted it. Then she took a Scarf which she had brought on Purpose, and therewith bound his Hands so fast, that it was impossible for him to undo them; which done, *Philotheta* step'd forth, delivering one of the Swords to *Praxentia*, and holding the other Hand against his Breast, said, Now, *Amphiador*, what hath thy Lewdness brought thee unto, but Misery? Thinkest thou, that hadst no Mercy in seeking our Dishonour, to find Remorse in us to work Revenge? Villanous Traytor (said *Praxentia*) should we suffer so vile a Miscreant to live, we should do a wicked Deed;

Deed ; for a Man of thy impious Life, will infect the whole World. Art thou so treacherous that thou carest not what Laws thou violatest, and yet so simple as to be overcome by a Woman ? Yet know whom thou hast offended, and to whom thou wouldest have done Violence : Know, I say, Traytor, that my Name is *Praxentia*, Daughter to the King of *Marcedonia*, that will work Revenge upon thee, worthy thy heinous Act. *Amphiador* marvelling when he heard her Name, lay confounded with Shame, his Heart fainting with such Fear, that with little Violence it would have been overcome. To make him more sure, one of them bound his Feet, while the other stood ready to stab him if he stirr'd. This done, they withdrew themselves, consulting which Way to be rid of him.

Most noble Lady (quoth *Philotheta*) your Prudence hath set us at Liberty from this Tyrant, whom if you please, we will leave in this Place, and not stain our innocent Hands with his impure Blood. But, (said *Praxentia*) how shall we escape from hence ? Easily, reply'd she, for leaving him fast bound, there is none to pursue us. Then *Praxentia* went unto him, and said, *Amphiador*, we cannot as yet resolve how to work sufficient Revenge upon thee ; therefore make no Acclamation, but with Patience abide our Will, which will be too favourable : For if we hear thee but once open thy Mouth, such shall be thy Usage, that thou shalt wish thou hadst taken our Direction : Upon which they locked the Door, and left him. Then they began to consult what to do : *Praxentia* saying, Lady, it may be you will travel into *Arabia*, which will occasion our Separation ; for I resolve to go to *Assyria*, upon an Occasion that concerns

no less than my Life, which I will impart unto you upon promise of Secresy. I were not worthy to live, (reply'd she) if I reveal'd your Counsell. Then did she unfold her Love to *Montelion*, and how *Palian* crost the same. *Philotheta's* Heart melted within her to hear his Speech, fearing to be disappointed of her Intent, being troubled with so great Anguish, that so great a Princess should be her Rival; sometimes thinking that he did not esteem her according to his Speech, but that he proffered his Love to her of common Courtesy to try her Affection. Many other Cogitations occur'd in her Brain; but seeing that she expected a Reply, she made this Answer: Most noble Princess, if you will accept of my Company, I will in regard of your Courtesy, undeservedly shew'd to me, venture myself with you, and do my best to further you in attaining your Desire. *Praxentia* was glad thereof; and with this Resolution, in the Morning they left the Place, travelling towards *Affyria*, changing their Upper-garments into Palmer's Grey.

Amphiador lay all that Day upon the Bed fast bound, persuading himself they meant him no Evil; but when it drew to Night, he marvelled that they came not again. Then he began to suspect the Truth, that they were departed; which vexed him so much, that he would have destroyed himself, if he could have found Means, continuing the Length of that discomfortable Night in cursing his own Fortune and Folly, that had brought him to that Misery; thinking either to starve there for want of Food, or to preserve his Life, by eating of his own Flesh, and so
to

to die a lingering Death. Four Days after, Fortune brought Things to pass, that the *Knight of the Oracle*, *Delatus* and *Alsala*, with many others in their Company, having lost their Way, alighted on the Place where *Amphiador* lay, making such Lamentation for want of Food, that it pierced the Ears of the Knight, who first hearing the same, set Spurs to his Horse, and entering the House, the Door whereof he found open, and drawing his Sword, he found the Chamber, from whence the piteous Cry proceeded, fast lock'd, which he brake open, and found *Amphiador* in such a lamentable Plight, that the Water stood in his Eyes. *Amphiador* seeing him, cry'd out for Meat. What art thou? quoth he. My Name, said he, is *Amphiador*, wicked *Amphiador*, that for my Sins endure this Punishment. The *Knight of the Oracle* presently unbound him, and went with him to seek for Victuals, which he soon found. By this Time *Delatus* and the rest were entred, and *Amphiador* espying *Alsala*, fell down Dead. Farewel, said the *Knight of the Oracle*, hadst thou dy'd sooner, then should not some have Cause to complain of thy Tyranny; and so travelled towards *Assyria*,

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C H A P. XIII.

How the Emperor of Persia, and the King of Macedonia met to conclude the Peace between Persicles and the King of Armenia. How Persicles erected a Pavilion, to entertain all Strangers; How the Knight of the Oracle and Constantia arrived there: How Persicles discovered them, and of the Joy that was made for their Safety: How Persicles knew the Knight of the Oracle to be his Son, and was afterwards married to Constantia.

THE Emperor of Persia and the King of Macedonia, according to the Peace ratify'd between Persicles and the King of Armenia, met at the City of Pisos, and were received by Persicles in such honourable Sort as is not to be described. This City of Pisos bordereth on the utmost Confines of Assyria, not above a Furlong distant from Armenia, on the Edge whereof stood the City of Lisar, rich and populous, where the King of Armenia then lay. Between these two Cities was so large a Valley of Plains, that the fair Prospect of both the Cities lay open to each others View. In the midst of this Valley were the Royal Tents of Persia and Macedonia pitch'd, and about them, a Number of Tents of gallant Knights, that came to bear them Company; and both the Cities were fortify'd with Garrisons of Soldiers, to prevent Injury that might be offer'd to either Party. The King of Macedonia, likewise brought with him his three Sons, Mentrus, Daurus, Thetus, his Queen, and his fair Daughter Sabina, in whose Company were the chiefest

chiefest Ladies of *Macedonia*, and such Troops of valiant Knights, that all the Valley was filled with their Tents and Pavilions. *Pericles* trusting to the Assurance *Delatus* had given him of *Constantia's* Release, caused all the beautiful Damsels in *Assyria* to be brought before him; electing out of them one hundred, whom he caused to be clothed all in White. He also caused a stately Pavilion to be erected in the View of all the rest, of such costly and curious Work, that all that beheld it, admired the same; over the Door of the Pavilion were these Verses:

*Honour, Valour, and Virtue guard this Place,
Where Honour is for all that these imbrace:
An absent Knight, of honour'd Gifts and Fame,
Shall be their Host, Montelion is his Name,
Here boldly enter; repose and feed;
For Love to him, made Pericles do this Deed.
Who'ere can tell where he remains,
Shall have a Royal Gift to quit his Pains.*

Pericles's Intent in doing this, was, that all Strangers that had no Possession of their own, should there find Entertainment in Honour of *Montelion*, in whose Memorial he had built the same as a Remembrance of his Love and Favour; his Intent being to draw all Strangers thither, by whose Report he hoped to hear some News of his beloved Friend.

Within few Days, the *Knight of the Oracle* and his Company, arrived in *Assyria*; and meeting with an *Assyrian*, he demanded of him whose Tents those were? He declared unto him all that he knew: Where may we have Lodging, said he?

Not

Not in the City, answered the *Affyrian*; for thither are none permitted to come without Examination; but in the midst of these Tents is a Pavilion in Remembrance of the noble *Montelion*, who freed our Country from the *Armenians*; in which, all Strangers have Entertainment in his Remembrance. Wilt thou direct us thither, said he, and I will reward thee? I will, reply'd the *Affyrian*. When they came thither, according to his Report, they were entertain'd, and lodged in such Sort as they desired; and being late, every one departed to their Place of Rest, omitting further Conference until next Day.

Early the next Morning, the *Knight of the Oracle* arming himself, mounted his Steed, and rode up and down till Noon, to behold the Tents and beautiful Situation of those two Cities, and to see the Tilts and Tournays that were performed by many Knights, returning again to confer with his Mother about discovering themselves.

Pericles hearing that many Strangers in *Montelion's* Pavilion, disguised himself in the Habit of one of his own Men, only to view them, and see if his Servants used them so honourable as he intended: And coming into the Room where *Constantia*, the *Knight of the Oracle*, *Delatus* and *Alfala* were, at the first Sight knew *Delatus* and *Montelion*, who was call'd the *Knight of the Oracle*; and viewing well *Constantia*, he also knew her. Then did he presently believe that the *Knight of the Oracle* had released her. All these Joys concurring, filled up his Senses with such Delight, that he was forced to withdraw himself from being discovered, which at that Time he would not be. Altering his Disguise again, he went to the Emperor of *Persia's* Tent; and

and finding him in a convenient Place, he utter'd these Speeches :

Most renowned Emperor, The Friendship and Help I have received by your Favour, without any Merit of my own, hath made me most infinitely bound unto your Excellency ; yet nevertheless, I desire one Favour more at your Hands, which you may with more Safety grant than deny, and thereby make me and yourself both happy. My loving Friend, (said he) whatever it be, I will not deny you, I make the more Doubt, (replied he) because I have heard you vow to the contrary ; and yet should you perform that vow, it would procure much Discontent. A rash vow (said the Emperor) may be broken : Therefore let me know your Request, and it may be I will dispence therewith. My Desire is, (said he) that you would pardon your Daughter *Constantia*, and remit the Offence committed by her and him, that caused her to leave the *Persian* Court. Why, my Lord, (said the Emperor) do you know where she is ? First, I beseech you, (quoth he) grant my Request, and I will tell you all I know. For your sake (said he) I will freely accept her into my Favour. I humbly thank you (reply'd he) both for her and myself : It was my unhappy self that was the Cause of her Departure ; but since that Time, I have not seen her till this Day, for going to the Pavilion, which is named by *Montelion*, I saw her there in Company with him, who is called the *Knight of the Oracle*. The Emperor rejoyced greatly to hear these Tydings, which so well pleased him, that he could not chuse but reveal it to the Empress, who was ready to run forth of her Tent to see her. The Emperor and Empress, with a goodly Train, accom-

accompany'd by *Pericles*, who had sent for three hundred Damsels, and most of the Peers of *Affyria*, to welcome *Constantia*; with great Joy went to the Pavilion, the Emperor and Empress going before, and he coming after, that when their Greetings were past, he might have the more Liberty to embrace her. Then entering the Room where *Constantia* and *Montelion* were, they knew her, and she them, falling prostrate before them, whilst they welcom'd her with great Kindness. Then welcoming the *Knight of the Oracle*, *Pericles* embraced *Constantia*, each weeping for Joy: O Heavens (said he) never was I blest till this happy Hour: after so much Sorrow, to enjoy such Pleasure. *Montelion's* Approach brake off their Speech, who kneeled before him. Nay, dear Friend (said he) kneel not, for I am not worthy to be so honoured. My Lord (quoth *Delatus*) well may he do it, for he is your own Son. More Honour, Joy, Comfort, and Content, (said *Pericles*) could never have happened to any mortal Man, than doth this Day to me; to find a Father, a Wife, and a Son, that this Day knew not either Father, Wife, or Son; one so honourable and magnificent, the other so virtuous, bountiful and loving; the last so valiant, virtuous, magnanimous and prudent, that all the World's Wealth cannot countervail my Riches. Then turning to the Emperor, kneeling down with them, he said: Renown'd Emperor, I beseech you accept us three as your Children, remitting all Displeasure conceived against us.

Then did the Emperor and Empress, *Deloratus* and *Piera*, all embrace them, shedding Tears of Joy for their happy Meeting. The Nobles welcome the *Knight of the Oracle*, and *Constantia*, and such

such Joy was made on every side, as is not to be expressed. Parting from thence, towards the City in Royalty, they were welcomed by the Citizens and Merchants with great Joy, whilst the Emperor uttered these Speeches :

See here, my Friends of *Affyria*, your Liege, Lord and Sovereign, the Son of *Perficles* and *Constantia* ; How may you applaud the Bounty of Heaven, providing for you such a noble Prince ? Then taking *Constantia* by the Hand, he said : Here *Perficles*, take my Daughter ; I give her thee as freely as the Heavens gave her me, that Marriage may joyn Hands as true Love hath united your Hearts. He took the Gift with more Joy than if he had deliver'd him the World's Monarchy ; saying, Most mighty Emperor, I know not how to render sufficient Thanks, in that your Highness is pleased to enrich me with your Daughter, which hath been the only Thing I always desired ; for which I hope to shew such Deserts hereafter, as neither she shall be discontented, nor your Majesty repent this good Deed.



C H A P. XIV.

Of the Treason practised against the Knight of the Oracle.

TH E King of *Armenia* seeing such a League concluded, by means of this Marriage, between the Emperor of *Persia* and *Perficles*, envying his

his Good, thought that he was likely to prevail nothing against him by that Means; and calling unto him a Knight, whom he most favour'd, and was always counsell'd by, named *Cisor*, to him he utter'd his Discontent; who presently counsel'd him to break the Peace, and suddenly surprize the City. The King liked not that Counsel; but rather desir'd by some secret Means either to poyson *Perficles*, and his Son, or set some Discord between them and the King of *Macedonia*, that so the Peace might be broken. *Cisor* promised to perform something to that Effect; and finding out *Palian*, he said: Noble Prince, I marvel you suffer your Glory thus to be darkned by this upstart Knight, that named himself of the *Oracle*: Can so honourable a Mind as yours brook such Indignities? Is not *Affyria* yours by Right? Are not you more noble by Birth, and worthy to be as famous as he is? Why do you suffer him and his Father to carry away all the Prize of Honour? Are all the Knights in *Armenia* too weak to cope with him? Doth not his Behaviour shew that he scorns you? hath not he alone crost your good Fortune? Then live not to be reviled, but to revenge. Joyn with the King of *Macedonia*'s Sons, who are of the Mind as I am, and I will lay you down such a Plot, as shall abate his Bravery. If these Knights, and such as are now come out of *Macedonia* cannot foil them, then shall you live in Contempt of the whole World, and be accounted their Inferiour.

Palian hearing his Speeches, breathing forth a deep Sigh, said, Thou renewest my Grief afresh; for I have drank so much Sorrow in that kind of Discontent, that my Heart is overcome therewith, and fain would work my Release, if you would

be secret and swear to assist me, I would tell my whole Heart unto you. Upon his protestations, he reveal'd his Love to *Praxentia*, and how he was crost by *Montelion*, with all that had passed since, and of her Escape out of *Persia*, which was only for his Love that regarded her not, and how he desired Revenge, his Mind being apt to entertain any Complot. *Cisor* then said, confer with the King's Sons; and discover to 'em with what Earnestness she has sought his Love; and receiving Scorn for her Affections, and Disdain for her Good-will, hath in a desperate sort (ashamed to be rejected) stolen from the Court of the Emperor of *Persia*, either to destroy herself, or wilfully to live in perpetual Exile: When they hear this, their Hearts will be easily won to revenge her Wrong; which done, let them alone to meditate thereon. *Cisor* having thus whetted him on, left him; who so prevailed, that he put the same in Practice with the King's Son, that they began mortally to hate *Montelion*; agreeing to arm themselves in such Armour, that none but *Cisor* should know them, and for some Days to lodge in the Pavilion, and there to devise which Way to work him some Disgrace. Upon this Conclusion they parted, and provided Armour for that Purpose.

CHAP. XV.

How the Knight of the Oracle arrived at the Pavilion disguised to satisfy Praxentia; how he was discover'd by Palian; how he and the King of Macedonia's Sons would have murder'd him, &c.

WHEN the Time was come, Philotheta not failing, met the Knight of the Oracle to do her Message. How now Palmer, said he, dost thou bring me News that Praxentia hath given over her Love? If thou hast, tell me; if not, I pray thee trouble me not. My Lord, quoth she, she rageth most extreemly, and I fear will do herself some Violence, unless you pity her. I cannot do that (said he) tho' it pincheth me to hear of her Sorrow: What can I say more? or what wouldst thou wish me to do to ease her, and yet reserve my Loyalty? Sir, reply'd she, you may consider that she is honourable, virtuous, and Daughter to a King, worthy to be beloved; and it may be the Lady whom you love is not comparable to her in any of these Gifts: No, nor in Love, which may peradventure love another; and then you will wrong yourself, and injure her. Peace, Palmer, quoth he, if my Fortune prove so bad, the greater will be my Misery; tell me therefore what thou wouldst have me do. My Lord, said she, had I not promised her to bring you to speak with her, she would have destroy'd herself e'er this; therefore vouchsafe me such Favour that I may perform my Word, which may be a Means to end her Malady. Did'st thou know, quoth he, how

unwilling I am to do it, I think thou wouldst not request it: But to satisfy her of that which peradventure she will not credit by thy Report, and at thy Request I will come to her this Evening. *Philotheta* being parted from him, by the Way utter'd these Speeches: O that Fortune would favour me so much, and bless me with that Felicity to be the Party this worthy Knight loveth so constantly! By this Time she was come to the Pavilion, where even there enter'd four Knights in black Armour, gallantly mounted, by their outward Habit, portending some cruel Tragedy; these Knights were *Palian*, and the King of *Macedonia*'s three Sons, who had vowed either secretly or openly to Complot the Death of *Montelion*, taking up their Lodgings to hatch their Treason.

The Day being past, the *Knight of the Oracle* apparell'd himself in the Habit of one of the King's Servants; and only girding his Sword to his Side, he went to the Pavilion, concealing himself so closely as he could: But the Heavens had ordain'd him to endure some Misery, for *Palian* espy'd his coming thither. Being enter'd the Pavilion, *Philotheta* met him, who with Carefulness expected his coming, conducting him into the Place where *Praxentia* was, which went so sore against her Heart to do, that with very Grief she was ready to die; whither *Palian*'s wicked Eyes watch'd him. The Princess espying him, blush'd exceedingly, her own Heart accusing her of Immodesty, to reveal that which she would have concealed. He saluting her, utter'd these Speeches.

Most noble Princess, to fulfil your Desire, and shew my Gratitude to you, for your Friendship bestow'd on him that is not worthy thereof. I am

come

come to you, desiring you not to Misconceive me, nor Condemn me of Inhumanity, that am not my own, and therefore cannot give myself to you. I have utter'd to the Palmer that which I will now conceal, because I will not offend you, desiring you to command my Life, which is entirely at your Disposition, otherwise I cannot employ myself to your Liking. I have long since known of your Good-will to me, which *Palian* by his Subtility increased, of whose Love and Proceedings, I know so much, that to fulfil your Request, I should wrong him. I was the Man that should have joined your Hands, when he took my Name and Habit upon him; which I presume here to utter, that you may remember my Innocency in that Complot, and how constantly I have vowed myself to another.

Praxentia with Anger, Shame, and Grief, stood like one mute, vex'd that he knew of *Palian's* Act; asham'd to make Love contrary to the Property of her Kind, and grieved to be disappointed, all which together, suffer'd her not to speak, 'till at last her Passions and burning Lust, so overcame her, that kneeling down she said: Good Night, blame me not, nor condemn me of Immodesty, but grant Pity to my Torment. He taking her up, desired her not to kneel to him that was not worthy thereof, nor able to deserve it. She taking him by the Hand, desired him to sit down by her upon the Bed, making Signs for *Philobeta* to depart the Room.

To repeat what matter of Behaviour this Woman used, and the Words she spoke would make any modest Ear blush; but seeing that nothing would prevail, Rage and Lust so overcame her,

that in bitter Exclaims she cry'd out, Inhuman, disloyal and base Knight, dost thou requite my Love with this Disdain? Or thinkest thou I will live to bear the Blot of thy Refusal? At the Conclusion of which Words, *Thetus* enter'd the Room, and with his Sword drawn, ran at him, who by good Fortune seeing him, started aside, otherwise he had been slain, yet he was fore wounded; whereupon drawing his Sword, he struck at *Thetus*, at every Blow wounded him. *Philotheta* hearing the Noise, came in, and seeing *Montelion* wounded, with Fear, Grief and Amazement, cryed out aloud, Help, help, the King's Son will be murder'd. The Eccho of her shrill Voice sounded throughout the whole Pavilion, and both the Servants and other Knights came running thither; and before they came, he had gotten *Thetus* and overcome him, and thrust his sword into his Body. By this Time *Palian* and her other two Brethren came in, who seeing *Thetus* slain, cryed out, Slay the Traytor, he hath murder'd *Thetus*, Son to the King of *Macedonia*. *Praxentia* hearing that, tore her Hair, rent her Garments, and so disfigured her Face, was as lamentable to behold. Some began to lay Hands on the *Knight of the Oracle*; but his Father's Servants knowing him, stood in his Defence: Then there began a hot Combat on both Parts, and many were slain. *Praxentia* being now discover'd, was known to *Palian*, and her two Brethren, to whom she cryed, Revenge my Shame, and my Brother's Death on this wicked Knight, who seeketh by Violence to dishonour me, and hath slain my Brother.

What Grief this was to *Philotheta*, you may judge; and how it vex'd him to be thus betray'd,
cannot

cannot be utter'd; standing in his own Defence against such as would have apprehended him, that did not know him, till he was grievously wounded, and many of them slain. By this Time, the News thereof came to *Pericles*, the Emperor of *Persia*, and the King of *Macedonia*, who came thither with all Speed; and the *Affyrians* hearing of the *Knight of the Oracle's* Distress, broke the Conditions of the concluded Peace, and by Multitudes ran forth of the City to preserve him.

Pericles first enter'd the Tent, next him the Emperor, then the King of *Macedonia*, commanding, upon Pain of Death, that no Man should strike a Blow; yet notwithstanding, rashness and heavy Force so overcame them, that it was long before they they were appeased; and the Emperor seeing *Praxentia* there in such sort disfigured, asked if any could tell the Cause of that Mischief: First, *Praxentia* spake, being most guilty, yet thought to excuse herself: Noble Emperor, my Brother you see is slain in rescuing me from the Knight's Violence. The *Knight of the Oracle* kneeling down before the Emperor, said, My noble Grand father, I slew him in my own Defence: Neither did I know what he was, being myself trained hither, to my Death; more he would have said, but the Soldiers having enter'd the Pavilion, rested not till they had gotten to him; and he to satisfy them, and avoid further Mischief, departed with them to the City. Then did the Emperor and *Pericles*, comfort the King of *Macedonia*; but he being vex'd with his Son's Death, and his Daughter's Disgrace, and urged by his other two Sons, that stood by, he said, Emperor of *Persia*, I am much wrong'd and abus'd by thee and thy Progeny,

by whose Falshood I see my Children lie dead before my Face; how should I then be contented? I swear by Heaven and Earth, I will severely revenge this Villany.

King of *Macedonia*, (said *Pericles*) I defy thee for accusing me or mine of any Dishonour; and thou shalt see and find, this Accusation is false; why else are thy Sons here disguised with my Enemy? by whose Plot this Mischief was intended against my Son, though it lighted upon themselves.



C H A P. XVI.

How the King of Armenia sent Philotheta's Picture to Delfurno Emperor of Almaign, who promised to Aid and Assist him against his Foes: Of the diverse Combats he maintain'd in Defence of her Beauty.

PHILOTHETA being taken Prisoner, and conducted to the *Armenian* Host, by reason of her exceeding Beauty, was presently carried to the Tent of the King of *Macedonia*; who no sooner saw her, but he presently thought her a Gift fit for the greatest Monarch in the World, and withal, fearing his Forces were too weak for the mighty Army of their Foes, consulted with the King of *Armenia* about it, and at last concluded to send Embassadors into *Almaign* to *Delfurno*, who even then newly succeeded his Father in the Empire, being a Prince of great Valour, which was committed

mitted to two Noblemen, the one of *Armenia*, the other of *Macedonia*, the Contents whereof was to entreat his Aid, and withal to profer him that Lady, whose Picture they had with them, being drawn by an exceeding cunning Workman. The Embassadors departed, and being arrived, were to be admitted to the Emperor's Presence; and humbling themselves, one of them deliver'd the Message in these Words:



Renowned Emperor, the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia*, send friendly greeting to your Highness, desiring your Aid against the King of *Assyria*, and the Emperor of *Persia*, who are joined together with Oppression and unjust War to offer them Injury, the Son of *Pericles* having in a most dishonourable Sort deflower'd *Praxentia*, and slain *Thetus*, her Brother, in her Rescue: And our Lords having nothing of more Value than a most beautiful and virtuous Lady, who exceeds all the

Ladies that ever Eye beheld, do present her to you, whose Counterfeit imperfectly drawn, we here present to your Highness, desiring your Assistance to the Aid of Virtue, and Suppression of Wrong, which agrees with your Magnanimity.

Delfurno hearing these Speeches, and viewing the Picture well, for a while stood mute; at last he made them this Answer: I know not upon what Ground I should wage War against *Affyria* and *Persia*, that never did me Wrong; yet I would willingly assist your Lords, not drawn thereunto by this Present, that I esteem not, but the Love I bear them, and to punish such Dishonour as their Foe hath done; therefore return your Lords this Answer, That within three Months I will be in *Armenia*, and bring with me such an Army as shall vanquish their Enemies, and put them in peaceable Possession of their Right. After the Embassadors were honourably entertain'd, and sumptuously feasted, they departed wth this joyful News, which added both Comfort and Resolution to the *Armenian* Host.

The Emperor being alone, commanded the Picture to be brought into his Chamber, which he viewed and re-viewed, beholding the same with such a surfeiting Eye, that he began to affect the absent Lady by having her present Picture, and calling before him the ancientest Captains and Commanders that were employ'd in his Father's Wars, he commanded them to muster up an Army of forty Thousand strong, of the best Soldiers in his Empire, and with all Speed to conduct them into *Armenia*, neither staying his Coming, nor expecting other Command from him, for he would be there before them. This done, he caused a
most

most costly Armour to be wrought of exceeding Strength, wherewith he armed himself, causing his Esquire that attended on him, to cover the Picture with a rich Veil. He departed unknown of any, with this Intent, by Combat to make all he met confess, that this Lady's Beauty surpassed all others, until he came into *Armenia*, where he determin'd to challenge all Knights whatsoever in her Behalf: Where being unknown, and carrying the Picture covered, he arrived, sending his Esquire with this Message to the General: Noble General, my Master being a Knight of a strange Country, having travelled many Miles in search of Adventures, happening to arrive near the Host, being neither Friend nor Foe to this Country, desired that with your Favour he may make Tryal of his Valour against the Knights of this Camp, which he will undertake in Defence of this Lady's Beauty, Virtue and Worthiness, whom he will maintain against all Comers, to exceed all others. The Messenger receiv'd this Answer: Tell thy Master he is welcome, and shall have our free Consent to what he requires; but let him take this friendly Warning from me, that he beware what he undertake, lest the Valour of these Knights turn him to Repentance.

The Esquire having this Answer, returned to his Master, who presently hung the Picture upon the Body of a fair spreading Oak, himself standing thereby as a Guardian, and ready to combat him that came next.

The Knights of *Armenia* and *Macedonia* hearing of this strange Knight's brave Challenge, prepared to jost with him: The first was a young Knight of *Armenia*, named *Tellurus*, who loved *Brissa*, Daughter to

to the Duke of *Linsus*, but at the second Encounter was overthrown: The next that justed was *Arnon* of *Macedonia*, who maintained three Courses against him with great Agility, but at the fourth he was unhors'd. Diverse others justed against him, but he won the Prize from them all.



C H A P. XVII.

How the Knight of the Oracle leaving his Parents in Disguise, was entertained by the King of Armenia.

Montelion having heard of the Damsels carrying away from *Ralea's* House by the Enemy, little thinking it had been *Philotheta*, studied how to redeem her: First he thought to attempt it by Force of War, but that Course seem'd too tedious; then he bethought himself of some speedier Means, for that long Delay would pinch his Heart. When he had long studied, and could yet resolve on nothing, he mounted his Horse, and in an Armour unknown, girding the good Sword he lov'd so well to his Side, he rode forth at a postern Gate, so secretly as he could, not as yet resolved what to do, riding towards the *Armenian* Host, but a contrary Way, as if he had not come from the *Affyrian* Camp. Being come to the Watch, they apprehended him, and he yielded, desiring to be carried to the General; where being come, the General demanded of whence he was, I am (quoth he) of *Arabia*, having travelled many Years in
strange

strange Adventures. What is your Name? (said the General) Sir, (quoth he) my Name is *Honorius*. Will you (said the General) serve me against my Foe the *Affyrian*? I will (said he) if your Quarrel be just, serve you faithfully, and spend my Life to punish Disloyalty. Then the General repeated the History between him and *Perficless*, shewing the Claim he had to the *Affyrian* Crown, and amongst many other Falshoods, accusing *Montelion* of *Praxentia's* Rape, and *Thetus's* Death. This vex'd *Montelion* exceedingly, hoping to work sufficient Revenge for all: using such Behaviour and Speech, as was fit at such a Time, so that he was well entertain'd of the General, and granted such priviledges as the rest of the Knights had, being neither known, nor once suspected to be the Man he was.

The next Day the *Almain* Forces arrived in *Armenia*, and the King assuring himself that *Delfurno* would not be long behind them, caused *Philotheta* to be adorn'd with most costly and rich Robes, to be well attended by a gallant Train of fair Damsels, which he did to please and delight him with her Beauty; *Philotheta* supposed his doing her so much honour, had been, that either he pretended Love to her himself, or else did it in the behalf of *Palian*, which besides the abundant Cares that possess her Heart, bred a fresh Disquiet in her, resolving not to love any but *Montelion*. The same Day also *Delfurno* seeing no more would combat with him, came to the Court, discovering himself to the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, yet he desired them not to conceal the same, who with great Honour and Courtesy entertained him, conducted him to the Palace, where the two Queens
of

of *Macedonia* and *Armenia* were accompanied by the Princess *Praxentia*, but all in Mourning except *Philotbeta*, who dazzled the Beholders Eyes. When *Delfurno* beheld her, at the first View his Heart was attainted with loving Admiration, even then vowing his Heart her Thrall, suddenly becoming so servile a Subject of Love, that his Heart, Hands, Eyes, and every Member were devoted to her Service. After short Salutations to all the rest, forgetting longer to conceal himself, he came to *Philotbeta*, saluting her with these Speeches: Lady, Blame me not for undertaking to be the Champion of your Beauty: I am the Man that have these many Days held Combat against all Knights in your behalf, not having discover'd to any your Name, fearing to offend you, the Original of my Attempt being the earnest Zeal and Love I bear you. Sir, reply'd she, your Labour was greater than your Reward, and more than you have needed to have needed to have undertaken, and it little pleaseth me; therefore I pray leave off to do so, and then I shall think my self more beholden to you: the subject not answering the Expectation.

Delfurno was vext with this Reply; but so much ravish'd to hear her heavenly Voice, that he was to seek an Answer, standing so long in a deep Study, that she return'd from him, and he started as asham'd of that Over-sight: and coming to the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, he said: This Lady's Beauty surpasseth all that ever I beheld; I pray tell me of whence she is? Her Name is *Philotbeta* (quoth they) the Daughter of a Duke in *Arabia*, whom if it please your Highness to accept of, she, I know, will yield to any Request. I like

like her well indeed, (quoth *Delfurno*) and do me that Favour I may enjoy her, and I will bind myself your everlasting Friend. Many other Speeches past betwixt them, both of them promising to effect his Desire with speed, especially the King of *Armenia*, who presently left him, and finding her out, he utter'd these Speeches: Fair Lady, such Happiness may befall you at this Instant, which if you now refuse, and live many thousand Years after, you will never light on the like again; for the mightiest Emperor in the World seeketh your Love with honourable Resolution to make you his Wife, and crown you with the Title of Empress; this Knight that even now offered his Service to you, is the Emperor of *Almaign*, named *Delfurno*; who hearing of your Beauty, came purposely into this Country to behold you, and do you Service.

Philotheta hearing so old a Man become so earnest a Solicitor, being neither pleased with his Company nor Counsel. gave him this Answer: Your Proffers are as great as liberal, yet neither pleasing nor acceptable to me; for I live here by Constraint, not by Consent, whereby my Mind cannot be at quiet till I am released from hence, desiring to live in another Place.

All this while he stay'd below among the other Knights in the Hall, till *Philotheta* came to go into the Garden with a gallant Train of Damfels attending on her, *Montelion* noting her well, suddenly remembring he had seen her, felt such a Passion press his Heart, that it seemed to melt within him: when she was past, he demanded what Lady that was? Her Name, said one, is *Philotheta*, Daughter to a Duke in *Arabia*, being lately surprized in *Affyria*, and brought hither with intent
to

to be married to *Delfurno*. The *Knight of the Oracle* hearing this, shrowded himself in a solitary Place, where he uttered these Meditations: Can it be, that *Philotheta* was in *Affyria* in her own Person, and in another's Name to bring a Message to me? that I need not doubt of, for *Ralea's* Speeches confirmed it: but may it not be, that she sent some other? that cannot be, for *Ralea* told me, she came in the Disguise of a Palmer, which Palmer was even the very same that trained me to *Praxentia's* Presence, whom I now remember had the very same Countenance of *Philotheta*, which made me to affect him so much. These Remembrances may be Assurances that she rather hateth than loveth me, otherwise I cannot be persuaded, and then the Task I have undertaken will be over tedious, for it will be in vain to seek her Love that regards me not: Besides, did she love me, yet having thrust myself amongst such a Company of my Enemies, that if they knew me would soon end my Life, it is impossible for me to make my Love known to her, or so much as to speak to her; I see there is no Hope for me, but to despair, or to return to my Parents, and seek to win her by Force.

Continuing in these Meditations, he espy'd the King of *Armenia* coming towards him, to whom he used great Reverence. The King suddenly seeing him, soon remembred that he told him he was an *Arabian*; which made him say thus unto him: Well met, *Honorius*, I think thou toldst me thou wert of *Arabia*, and therefore it cometh in my Mind, that thou art the only Man that mayest pleasure me, if thou wilt undertake a Matter of small Labour, but great Importance: If thou wilt undertake

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undertake it, and with Secrefie conceal it, thy Reward shall be as much as thy Heart can wish. My Lord, said he, whatsoever it will be, I will undertake it, and do my utmost Endeavour therein, with much Secrefie and Diligence as you shall like of. I both trust and believe thee, (said he) for in thy Face I see the Sparks of Honour; therefore thus it is: There is in my Court a Lady of thy Country, named *Philotheta*, whom I thought to have matched to *Delfurno*; but now my Mind is changed, and I purpose to enjoy her myself: And because thou art her Countryman, I think thou may'st prevail with her more than any other, therefore I have chosen thee as my Friend, yea, my dear Friend, to solicit my Suit to her; but it must not be known, but that thou speakest for the Emperor, for so I will tell him: this is that I would have you perform: Tell me, art thou resolved to do it? Were the Task (said he) far greater, I would undertake it, but in this I think myself much honoured by your Majesty, hoping to prevail so, that you shall attain your Desire. Then come along with me (quoth he) and so bringing him to her Lodging, he uttered these Speeches:

Lady, Because you are a Stranger, and unacquainted with the *Armenian* Guise, I have brought you this Knight, not to be your Guardian, (for I make you no Prisoner) but to bear you Company, and to defend you if any should offer you Wrong, whom I hope you will accept of. *Philotheta* liked his Proffer well, hoping that he would prove a Means for her Escape, and accepted the same with hearty Thanks.

When the *Knight of the Oracle* had the Lady in Custody that he loved so dearly, he thought himself

self most happy, and doing her humble Reverence, she demanded his Name; My Name (quoth he) is *Honorius*. Then she asked him whose Son he was, for which he had no ready Answer, but stood silent, not caring to be taken in a Lye. She seeing that, said, I perceive I shall have but small Comfort of thee, for I see thou art not of my Country.

Lady, (said he) whatever I am, I rest only at your Command. Then, quoth she, you will not please him that brought you to me, for my Mind and his are quite contrary. Suppose I did, quoth he, yet having no Intent to do it, but thereby to enjoy your Presence, you have no Cause to suspect me: yet you are deceived in his Intent, for none but myself knoweth it, which I will reveal to you, if you will conceal it from him, for I came hither to do you Service, and not to further him. Tell it me, said she, and indeed I will not conceal it. Thus it is, reply'd he, whereas he with great Earnestness hath sued in the Behalf of the Emperor, he hath now appointed me to be a more earnest Solicitor in his own behalf, for that he is deeply in Love with you, but he intendeth that *Delfurno* shall think I am only employ'd to pleasure him, which he imparting to me I willingly undertook, not to do it, but to do you all the humble Service and Duty that lyes in a Man to do, being neither of this Court, nor of *Arabia*, but a Knight of *Assyria*, that vow'd never to leave searching till I found you out, the Occasion whereof was this:

It chanced one Day to be my Fortune, that as I was walking in a Grove adjacent to the Palace Garden, I heard a Knight whom afterwards I well knew, making such Lamentation for your Absence

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Absence, that nothing but News of your Safety could ease his Heart: Whereupon I disclosed myself unto him, and for the Love I bare him, vow'd to travel in your Search: First arriving in this Court, where to my exceeding Joy, I have found you, with all Humility, proffering you my Service, being ready to undertak any Peril to do you Service.

I know not how to trust thee (said she) considering that thou regardest not to break thy Word with the King of *Armenia* therefore I fear thou wilt do the like to me; yet if fair Words deceive me, I shall be deceided in Time: I would trust thee, but I dare not, and blame me not; for having found Untruth in many, I know not how to trust thee. My Fortune was ever yet adverse, and therefore I am without Hope of better; then leave me for this Time, and if you can find in your Heart to be true to help me, I may hereafter be better advised to employ you. These Words being ended, he departed.



C H A P. XVIII.

Of the Sorrow that was made in the Assyrian Camp for the Knight of the Oracle's Absence, &c.

LET us now return to speak of *Pericles*, who missing his Son, went to seek him at his Chamber, and from thence, from Place to Place, till at last he heard by a Servant, there was a Knight

Knight departed that Day at the Postern-gate, armed at every Point. *Pericles* hearing that, returned to the Emperor, and certified him and *Constantia* of his Departure, both of them being struck with exceeding Grief. News was likewise brought, the Emperor of *Almaign* was arrived with forty Thousand Soldiers, to Aid the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*.

The Emperor of *Persia* and *Pericles* hearing this, assembled all the Nobility together, to determine what to do: At last they all concluded with a general Consent, within two Days to bid them Battle; but the Soldiers hearing of the *Knight of the Oracle's* Absence, seemed like Men that had lost their former Courage.

Montelion being also no less sad to have left his Parents so carelessly, than they were for his Absence, spending the Night in solitary Meditations, he rose Early on purpose to reveal himself, and his Love to *Philotheta*, whatsoever ensued thereon; yet fearing to disquiet her, he walked down the Garden, where he had not stay'd long, but he was saluted by *Delfurno*, who came purposely to know if he had mention'd his Suit to *Philotheta*; who answer'd him, that he had much Conference with her last Night about it, and that she had deferred him for that Day's Answer. Thereupon he promised him a great Reward for his Fidelity, and so departed.

He was no sooner gone, but the King of *Macedonia* came to him, whose Heart was grounded upon a new Subject, which *Montelion* thought not of, for he determined that none should enjoy *Philotheta* but himself, and therefore came to make Tryal whether his supposed *Honourious* would condescend

to

to be ruled by him, which if he would do, he should secretly convey *Philotheta* into *Macedonia*: To this Effect he communed with *Honorious*, first binding him to be Secret, and then by Gifts enticing him; and lastly, using Intreaty 'till he had utter'd the Depth of his Mind, which he promising to effect, used such Words as pleased the King, wherewith he went away.

Whilst *Montelion* and the King of *Macedonia* were in this Conference, the King of *Armenia* enter'd the Garden, but seeing them in Discourse-together, withdrew himself till he departed, and then came in, demanding what good News he had for him.

My Lord, (quoth he) the first Motion you made to her about her Marriage to *Delfurno*, hath hindered your own, for I had much a-do to persuade her, that you had any Intent to love her, that were so earnest for another: Yet nevertheless, I hope soon to alter her to a better liking of your Affection. The Emperor hath been with me already, earnestly soliciting me to prosecute his Suit with Efficacy. Likewise the King of *Macedonia* hath with many Promises desired me to use what Persuasions I could in the Emperor's Behalf: But being so honourable esteem'd of by your Majesty, I will try the uttermost of my Skill to pleasure you. I thank thee, good *Honorious*, (quoth he) and I will for thy Kindness, yield thee as large a Recompence, as thy Heart can wish; which said, he departed.

What an Office have I undertaken, (said *Montelion*) to Sue for others, and dare not Speak for myself? and yet contrary to my liking am forced to it, only to rid myself from Grief. Yet because
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Time affordeth me not Opportunity to work my own Ends, I will try whether she will pity me, or not.



C H A P. XIX.

How the Knight of the Oracle discover'd himself to Philotheta, and how by a Stratagem he convey'd her thence in Safety, and what Rejoycing there was thereupon.

NOW the Knight of the Oracle having parted from the King of Armenia, went to Philotheta's Lodging, whom he found very Sad, but espying him come toward her, turned from him, refusing to hear him speak (supposing his Speeches would have tended to persuade her to what he had the Day before mentioned :) He seeing her Unwillingness to hear him, imagined the Cause ; but yet emboldening himself, he said, Virtuous Lady, pardon my Boldness, and withal vouchsafe to hear me, who shall not offend you ; for I have vow'd not to utter a Syllable contrary to your Liking.

You will then (quoth she) prove perjur'd : I know your Message well enough before you utter it, and that it will displease me. No, dear Lady, said he, I come not now to ask Pity for another, but for myself, that sometimes have been better known of you : I am the most unfortunate *Montelion*, that hath adventur'd thus far amongst my Foes to seek you out, my Heart having honour'd

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you ever since the first Sight of you in the Hermit's Cell in *Arabia*, and now I desire you to pity me, for without your Favour I am not myself; and in your Favour, I shall account myself most Fortunate. *Philotheta* noting him well, perfectly remember'd that it was he, which revived her Heart with great Joy, saying, Noble Knight, I account myself most Happy, in that you have me in your Custody, for your virtuous Mind I know will shelter me from Dishonour: Should I not yield you Thanks for deeming so well of me that am not worthy, you might condemn me of Rudeness: Therefore I most humbly thank you, and desire you to pity my Estate, that is rack'd upon the Wheel of Despair. Dear Lady (said he) I am willing to do you any Service, desiring nothing more than to employ myself to your Good, for my Life is yours, and all that I have shall lie Prostrate at your Feet, desiring to convey you hence in *Affyria*, where your Parents live in Safety, but sorrowful for your Absence.

Sir, reply'd she, your virtuous Kindness hath deserved more at my Hands than I can yield Thanks for, then how shall I behave myself to do the Thing you desire, which is already fixed in my Heart? I will rest so far to be directed by you, as that my Mind shall be agreeable to any Request you shall make: Then, dear Lady, said he, I will before To morrow this Time see you Safe in my Father's Court, for much Mischief is intended by the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*: Both of them have been with me this Day, and hired me to motion their Loves to you, both of them seeking to enjoy you, but so as the other should not know thereof, each striving to prevent the

the other, and both of them the Emperor, which they have revealed unto me; but may I have your License, I will deliver you from their Custody. I most humbly desire you to do it, (quoth she) referring myself to your good Directions, and committing all to your Wisdom's Election. This said, the *Knight of the Oracle* emboldening himself, gave and received so sweet a Kiss, which seemed to interchange each others Souls: He leaving her, to find out the King of *Armenia*, and she into her private Chamber.

Montelion having found out the King of *Armenia*, told him how the King of *Macedonia* went to convey *Philotheta* from thence, relating all the Conference that had passed between them: Nay, said he, the Emperor was with me this Day, promising me great Rewards if I would do the like for him: Now, my Lord, my Love and Duty to you, bindeth me only to do your Service; and therefore I have vow'd that my best Endeavours shall be employ'd only on your good Liking.

The King hearing how they went both about to deceive him, raged exceedingly, but trusting to his Fidelity, he was quieted, asking him what he would do to prevent them both. My Lord, (quoth he, this Evening you may effect your Desire, or never; at which Time give me but Directions whither I may convey her to a Place of Security, or where we may meet you, and I will Adventure my Life, but I will do it; but you must deliver your Signet unto me, for our quiet Passage out of the City-Gate; and then I will meet you where you shall appoint us. That shall be (said the King) at Fryar *Bernard's* Cell without the City, if you know it, and there is my Signet. Thither

will

will I convey her (quoth he) at Twelve o'Clock. Farewel, reply'd the King, be Faithful, and thou shalt find my Friendship such, as shall highly reward thee for thy Pains.

Montelion having effected this, presently went to the King of *Macedonia*, telling him that the Emperor's Importunity was such, that it was high Time to convey *Philotheta* from thence, whom he found willing to yield thereto: He hearing that, desir'd his Counsel, promising to reward him well, telling him, That if he would do it for him, both he and his Kingdom should be at his Command. Then (quoth *Montelion*) deliver me your Signet for my Pass, and appoint the Time and Place, and I will bring her thither. There is my Signet (quoth he) and bring her to Fryar *Bernard's* Cell at One of the Clock.

Montelion then with all Speed went to the Emperor, telling him, that *Philotheta* did greatly affect him, and had sent him to make an humble Request unto him, which was, that she might be convey'd in Secresie from the *Armenian* Camp, for that many Dangers did environ her in that Place, and that of such Importance as did concern his Life, whereupon her Safety depended, which because they were of Weight, she would reveal to none but himself; desiring him not to come to her, for it would endanger his Person.

Delfurno hearing this, was much troubled in his Mind, yet being very glad to hear she so much esteemed him, said, *Honourous*, I would as willingly effect any Thing to content her, as I would to save my own Life, yet I do not know how, unless by Directions; therefore do but Counsel me, and I will yield to that which thou shalt advise me.

My Lord, (said he) the safest Way is, this Night to convey her secretly through the Gate where your Soldiers lye, and I will bring her to Friar Bernard's Cell about Eleven o'Clock, where you may be ready to receive her, and with a strong Guard convey her into *Almaign*, or any Place of Security: Moreover, my Lord, she willed me to assure you, that both the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia*, having disloyally forgotten their Promise to you, seek to win her Love to themselves, which Dishonour she cannot endure. *Delfurno* was much grieved to hear that, yet hoping to prevent them both, quieted himself, delivering his Signet unto him, with many Thanks and much Entreaty, desiring him to be careful, and that nothing might prevent his Purpose.

Montelion being glad of this, thought not to end yet, but presently went to the Queen of *Macedonia*, telling her the King's Plot, to convey *Philabeta* from thence, shewing her his Signet, which when she beheld, exceeding Grief possess her Heart, to think of his Disloyalty. But, seeing her Sorrow, he said, Although he hath attempted this, I know the Lady's Virtues to be such, as she will sooner suffer the extreamest Miseries in the World, than yield thereto; and for myself, though he hath promised me great Rewards, I respect more my Honour, than to be Agent in so wicked an Act: Therefore to assure you, that I intend it not, I yield you his Signet, whereby I should have passed the Camp, to meet at *Bernara's* Cell. I thank thee, gentle Knight, quoth she, and for this Deed command any Thing, and thou shalt have it: Myself will meet him, and by that Means I hope to make him give over his Attempt.

The

The *Knight of the Oracle* being gone from her, went to the *Armenian Queen*, telling her the like, and indeed the Truth of her Lord, both giving her his Signet and Directions how she should meet him, leaving her so mad with Rage and Jealousy, that she was ready to tare her Hair; yea, even with bitter Exclamations to reveal her Mind, but that she referred it until she might surprize him with a guilty Conscience at the Cell.

By this Time it grew to be Night; and after Supper was ended, *Delfurno*, the King of *Armenia*, and the King of *Macedonia*, making more than wonted haste to break Company, each being glad that the other was so willing to part, which the two Queens noted, being privy to their Drifts.

Then *Montelion* sent to *Philotheta*, telling her that he had so prevail'd with the Emperor, that he had gotten his Signet as their Warrant to pass through the Camp, desiring her to be in Readiness to go with him, intreating her to fear no Danger, for his Life should shield her: Whereupon she desired him to stay with her 'till the Time appointed; which he did, passing away the same in private Conference.

The Time being come, and all Things silent, *Montelion* armed himself, leading *Philotheta* out of the Court, passing all the Guards, Watches and Garrisons, by shewing the Emperor's Signet, and coming where the Soldiers lay, they likewise let him go: He having without Danger effected this, turned his Steps toward his own City, where being come to the Gates, the Watch demanded who they were; and he bad them come down and see: But upon Examination discovering himself, he commanded them to carry him as Prisoner to

Delatus, where being come, he unveil'd *Philotheta*, and *Alfala* presently knew her, whilst the old Duke melted with Passion to behold his Child; who, from her Infancy, he had not seen, embracing her in his Arms.

These joyful Expressions being over-past, the *Knight of the Oracle* said: Lady, since we are now in Safety with your Parents, my Promise is performed, desiring you to have Regard to the Passions I endure, which Time will not now permit me to utter, but I leave it to your courteous Consideration: Therefore I beseech you in my Absence let my Loyalty be regarded, and your gentle Heart willing to pity me: Which said, with a second Kifs, he left her, to submit himself to his Parents.



C H A P. XX.

Constantia marries the Prince Persicles; Praxentia, is left to her own Liberty, to choose her Lover; and Montelion as a Reward for all his faithful Services, is made happy in the Embraces of his Princess.

NOW it happen'd that after all the Devastations that were made in *Assyria*, had been sufficiently atton'd for by the Effusion of a vast Sea of Blood, and an immense Treasure. The Emperor of *Persia* sent to all the Foreign Ministers then residing at Court, and made a splendid Feast for their Entertainment. Inviting thereto, the most renowned Prince *Montelion*, and the lovely *Praxentia*,

Praxentia, his Princess. And here if we could present a Prospect of the utmost Joy, we must form to ourselves an Idea of a Resurrection from the Dead, when the Happiness of Mankind is suppos'd to be Compleat: For Prince *Pericles* and *Constantia* receiv'd the consummate Joys of a married State: And the more, in having the Happiness of seeing their Son *Montelion* betrothed by the Emperor's own Hands to his immatchless Princess. And this with the greatest Splendor, suitable to so extraordinary an Occasion.

In short; the Emperor at the close of this Festival, was so well satisfy'd at the Performance, that he publish'd a general Act of Indemnity for all Criminals in his Dominions, that Posterity might publish afterwards to their Children what Blessings attend those Lovers who are constant to their Vows, and inviolable in their Affections.

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